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FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## SLAVERY.

NO. II.

Mr. Editor—Accept my thanks for the frankness and good humor, though I cannot quite add, the entire conclusiveness, of your answers to my last "Catechism of short and easy Questions;" and permit me now to pay my respects to Rev. O. Scott's series of "Elegant Extracts." There is certainly no denying that he has a brilliant talent for that figure of speech called *quotation*. It were a great pity, if, while he is fulminating his second-hand bolts at slave-holders and kidnappers, the original owners should suddenly pounce upon him with, "that is my thunder, sir."

When, however, Br. S. abandons his quotations and takes to the original, we feel the same benevolent solicitude for him that we should for a young swimmer who adventurously abandons the cork that buoyed him; we are alarmed at his facility in "the art of sinking," and cordially pray him to stick to even that frail prop. It is obvious that he has acquired a faulty taste in declamation from the new school into which he has lately become initiated. Take as a specimen the following lines from his brief remarks in his fifth number. The italicising is our own.

"What are we better than *a nation of* THIEVES *and* PIRATES? Our national character is *deeply stained with blood*. When and how have we repented of the wrongs we have done to Africa? May we not expect that the *curse of God* will rest upon us?"

To this array of interrogation points let us add one or two more. Would Br. Scott actually have us suspect that he really means one half that he here says? Does he gravely think that our beloved country is no better than a nation of blood-stained, unrepentant, heaven-accursed *thieves* and *pirates*? Were these the expressions of some foreign calumniator,—some of the lady Trollopes and gentleman Fiddlers, or any other imported assailants—anti-slavery lecturers always excepted—could we doubt but Br. Scott's cheek would be flushed with patriotic indignation, and his tongue grow eloquent in triumphant refutation? To such an assailant he would quite probably reply—'No, sir; your assertions are as untrue as your style is declamatory; this is not a country of thieves and pirates. Slavery was forced upon this land in the dark ages of colonial subjection, in opposition to the public voice expressed by their legislative protests against it, by the arbitrary mandate of our foreign tyrants, combined with the unprincipled minority among us;—thus arbitrarily organized into the very foundations of our social structure, its eradication is a revolution too fundamental to be the work of a moment; yet has that revolution, in the successive emancipations of state after state, in the suppression and outlawry of the slave trade, and in the outpourings of national benevolence upon benighted Africa, been slowly, it is true, yet surely ONWARD; and so far is this country from being unrepentant of African wrongs, the entire national heart feels from extreme to extreme, almost without exception, one sentiment of sympathy for those sufferings, and of hope for their cessation.'

And he might add, too, that thousands are intensely laboring to elevate Africa herself from the degradation of ages, to heal her wounds, and to restore her to freedom, to empire, and to Christianity.

At a small expense of consistency indeed, but with much credit to his patriotism and candor, Br. Scott might say all, and more, and better things than these, should a foreigner have the assurance to take the same liberties with our character that some of ourselves assume.

Br. Scott's extracts, as well as his original remarks, are founded upon the idea that the public sensibilities are dormant, and need stimulating into excitement. For this purpose he spreads before the readers of the Herald, in two successive numbers, the truly heart appalling details of the slave trade. Revolting indeed are the scenes and the characters those extracts present. In the monsters who can perpetrate horrors like those, we scarce recognize any thing of humanity but its disgraced shape. But if these details are presented in order to create any new principle of hatred against oppression, they are quite as unnecessary as they are horrible; if to create a new intensity of excitement, I must beg leave to think they are worse than unnecessary. They can easily be shown to be deeply deleterious to the cause they would subserve. When we recollect that no slaves breath within the boundaries of the Northern States, and consider the fact that we have no more legal power to touch the fetters of the slaves of the Southern States than the slaves of Turkey, it seems to me that other reasons than a want of sensibility might be found why violent agitation appears to us quite superfluous.

Br. Scott is a New England man, and I am not; but if he imagines that New England has hitherto on this subject been callous, because she has not been clamorous,—if he believes that because she does not "unpack herself in oaths, and fall to cursing like a very drab," she has no deep-souled detestation of Slavery, in whatever form and on whatever soil, I should have no hesitation in promptly and frankly saying that he does most wofully wrong the land that gave him birth. Men of warm hearts yet reflecting heads know that the best of causes are often ruined by the uncalculating zeal of their adherents; and they will join no crusade, even of benevolence, which is likely to bring more ruin than benefit upon their unfortunate objects.*

But if Br. Scott has a cordial detestation for the abominations of the African slave trade, why has he associated himself with the bitter assailants of that very Society which, according to a prophet of their own, Capt. Stuart, has done "unspeakable good" in interrupting its career. Upon the very spot where Liberia now stands was the open theatre of the slave trade,—the market-place of human souls. Lieut. Rosenbery, of the Royal Navy, in a speech at an English Colonization Meeting, of which the Duke of Sussex was President, relating the circumstance of his re-visiting the spot where Monrovia now stands, said, he had "found the spot where he had *seen six or eight slave vessels at anchor*, and which had been one of the *greatest marts* from whence their cargoes had been procured, under *circumstances of every aggravation*, the parent selling the child, and the child the parent, converted into the abode of peace and happiness, and *the slave trade totally extinguished*." Several tribes have taken refuge from the kidnapper under the protection of the colony. Large numbers of slave ships have been captured. A legitimate trade is forcing out of existence that infamous traffic.—"Wherever (says Mr. Everett) the influence of this colony extends, the slave trade has been abandoned by the natives;" and precisely in proportion to the complete success of this plan, must inevitably follow the total extirpation of this detested merchandize in human blood.

I put it then to Br. Scott, or to any other man of enlightened humanity—Would not the prevention of the crime and misery of a single slave ship be amply worth the whole efforts that have been made to establish this colony? Or, in the home-thrust question of an English periodical—"Is it not better that 1500 or 2000 slaves should be liberated and restored to their rank in society in the land of their forefathers, and to annihilate in Africa a trade of 10,000 slaves annually, than to sit with our arms folded and doing nothing, because we cannot immediately emancipate the whole slave population in America?" Upon the alternatives of that question we would have every serious philanthropist pause and reflect.

If then the slave trade be one-hundredth part as bad as Br. Scott in those extended extracts which he has published would describe it, why do we find him associated with the assailants of the plan which is so nobly applying its energies to the extirpation of its horrors? Could he, indeed, publish a severer sarcasm upon his new allies? And at every aggravation which he throws in to darken the picture, does he not deepen our surprise at their fatuity? They have for months past apparently forgotten almost every other object but to fight the battle against Colonizationists; they have assailed the scheme, have watched with keen hostility every step of its details, have magnified its errors, have triumphed in its disasters, and have advised the re-calling of the colonists and the abandonment of the whole scheme. There may be some occult mystery of benevolence in this plan of procedure, which my sagacity despairs to penetrate; but were I to pursue such a course, I should from my very soul believe myself an opponent of the advancement of human happiness, an obstacle to the march of human liberty, and a foe to the good of the human race.

D. D. WHEDON.

*Wesleyan University, Feb.* 21.

* With regard to the probable effect of violent northern procedure or opinion upon the South, I would particularly recommend to every one a candid perusal of the intelligent and interesting letters of the "Southern Correspondent" of the Herald. I shall probably soon take occasion to show the pertinency of his remarks upon this all important point.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## CALVINISM, NEW DIVINITY, Etc.

PART IV.

Mr. Editor—Since writing my last communication, two or three questions have arisen in my mind, respecting the Old and New School Calvinists.

I. What is the difference between the Old and New School? Ans. 1. Calvinists of the Old School believe in the doctrines of "Original Sin," and "Total Depravity;" those of the New, do not. 2. Divines of the Old School believe that "regeneration is the work of the Holy Ghost, wrought in the heart;" those of the New, that "it is an act of the will, and the work of the creature."

II. Wherein do they agree? Ans. 1. The Old School Calvinists believe that "God has foreordained whatsoever comes to pass;" so do the New. 2. Divines of the Old School believe that "the Almighty, according to the good pleasure of His will, has elected some to everlasting life, and reprobated or passed by the rest"—and this without reference to character or foresight of faith and good works; the New Divines believe the same. 3. The adherents of the Old School believe that "all true saints will finally and unconditionally persevere;" so do those of the New School.

Thus we see wherein two branches of a large and respectable Christian denomination differ, and agree. What a pity there should be any difference at all!—"A house divided against itself, cannot stand." And is not the Calvinistic Church divided against itself? If it is not, why establish a Theological Seminary in the vicinity of Yale College? But perhaps the divines of the Old School are apprehensive that the college at New Haven may in time become a reservoir of Unitarianism, like the venerable institution at Cambridge. For a man need not be a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, to predict, that whenever Dr. Taylor, by his wisdom and metaphysical researches, shall find out that the doctrines of the gospel, the destinies of man, and the affairs of the world, are not based on irreversable decrees, his transition from Calvinism to Unitarianism, (and, of course, the institution over which he presides,) will be very easy. And I confess I see no obstacle to hinder such a result. Take away the doctrine of the Trinity, and there is just this difference between New Divines and Unitarians,—one believes in election and reprobation, the other does not. I hope, however, that God in mercy will save the Church from a tide of semi-infidelity, which threatens to deluge her fruitful fields.

ORTHODOXY.

*W——ld, February,* 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## MISSIONARY EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Mr. Editor—From a paragraph in the Herald of Nov. 5, it seems to be a question with some of your correspondents whether the objects of this society can be secured without annihilating, or at least, paralyzing all pre-existing Missionary Societies. On this question, sir, we are bound to be deliberate, because it involves the eternal interests of immortal beings. Although this and our Church Missionary Society have the same ultimate object, it may be a matter of vast moment with the heathen, which takes the lead, and has the management of the greater part of our funds; for one regards them directly, the other indirectly. With these views of the subject, I shall proceed to the inquiry—Is the object of the Missionary Education Society, which is the proper education of men and women for missionary labor, compatible with the objects and efficient operations of our other Missionary Societies? I say it is, and shall endeavor to make it appear from the following considerations.

1. *Our receipts of missionary money have uniformly exceeded our expenditures.* According to the Missionary Report for 1834, the receipts exceeded the expenditures $4338.24. Now to what is this to be attributed? The vast amount of the receipts?—the want of ground to cultivate?—or to the timidity of our superintendents? No one will claim, I presume, that it is attributable to either. Missionaries called loudly for help, the bishops have echoed the sound; but no one, or not enough heeded the call to exhaust the funds. Thus it appears it is not money we want, so much as missionaries. We have money enough, nay, more than enough. Missionaries, sir,—well qualified missionaries, are what we now want; and these the Missionary Education Society contemplates furnishing. Thus it appears that this society is so far from being opposed to the interests of the other, it is essential to its success and final triumph.

2. *Our people are not doing what they are able and willing to, for missions.* The whole amount raised last year was $35,700.15. And what is this among so many. Contrast it with 600,000 church members—with their ability—profession and piety. Contrast it with the enormous amount raised by a little more than half this number of brethren in Europe, after supporting the established and their own churches, and say, are we doing all we can—all we will? Such a conclusion, sir, is ungrateful, defamatory, slanderous. I cannot, I will not admit it, until your correspondent shows by actual demonstration, it is a fact. My confidence in the piety and missionary zeal of our people, is too strong to be frightened into such a sentiment. We have called on them to support our missions, establish seminaries and colleges, and they have done it. And shall we now question their benevolence? It is too late. They have established it beyond a doubt. "The existence of other societies similar in their ultimate object," *they will not* "consider a sufficient pretext for the neglect of this." They have not thus far, if brother True's testimony is to be received. Why then distrust them? If they are able and willing to do more than they ever have done, why not give them a chance. They see our missionary funds are full, of course they will not enlarge their subscription there; but let them see the wants of this society and they will meet them. It has been frequently said, the stationed preacher loses nothing by the formation of missionary societies within his charge—that the people will give him even more than they would, had no such societies been formed. On the same principle, (and I admit it to be correct,) the old societies will lose nothing by the formation of auxiliaries to this.

Other denominations have their Foreign and Domestic and Home Missionary Societies, Education Societies, &c.; and though all these have the same ultimate object, they destroy not each other, but flourish and grow. Have not we as much enterprize and money as they? I believe we have. But if we have not so much money, such is the economy of our system of operation, we can do the same with less. Said one of their most eminent ministers to me—"You Methodists will do more with ten dollars than we can with fifteen." But my sheet is full, and I will close by adding—*Long live the Missionary Education Society.*

SIGMA.

We are happy to inform our readers that we shall be allowed the privilege of publishing a series of well-written articles upon a variety of interesting subjects, from the pen of our accomplished correspondent. We need offer no compliments—the articles will speak most emphatically in their own behalf.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## ASTRONOMY.

Among the various studies which are calculated to aid and improve the mind, there is none assuredly that can produce such beneficial *moral* effects, as that of Astronomy.

In tracing the history of nations, there is, it must be allowed, much to excite interest, and gratify imagination; but the multitude of crimes and atrocities which are there almost universally recorded, serve in many cases rather to disgust the reader, and to cause him to form false views of human life, than to lead him to profit by the failings of others. The mind is wearied with continued accounts of treachery and of dissimulation, and it gladly turns from such details to the consideration of almost any thing beside.

In the study of Astronomy, there are no such unpleasing sensations; the mind advances from one view to another, continually deriving new pleasure, and new profit, and never for a moment suffering fatigue or weariness to retard its increasing progress. In its moral effects, likewise, it is far above all others. A view of the works of an almighty power, cannot fail to lead us to the contemplation of that power; and there is not a moment passes that presents not to our view some one or other of its influences. We behold it displayed in the beauties of nature, in the rising and setting of the sun, in the return of morning and evening, and in the equally regular return of the seasons. But the beauties of the firmament on high, the moon rising in all its majesty, surrounded by those bright stars, with which the whole heavens are studded, *these* cannot fail to impress the heart more deeply, and to lead it to contemplate more fully His goodness that hath formed all. There indeed are few moments better calculated to lead the mind to serious reflection, than when the moon is shining with all its brilliancy on this lower world. The cares and tumults of the day are past, the hum of voices, and the noise and din of ceaseless passing have died away, the ear is no longer disturbed by songs of mirth and revelry, nor the eye wearied with gazing on passing objects. No rude sounds break in upon the calmness of our thoughts, but the mind is left free, and at rest, to gaze and think on things divine. To those who are lovers of the sublime and beautiful, such a moment has a thousand charms; and there are but few, very few, that may not derive much profit from the reflections which it excites. It is at such a moment, when every thing tends to impress the mind with thoughts of a God above, that we are led to reflect on a future life and the glories of heaven. The world, with its thousand allurements, appears not to be compared with the love of that Being who has made it—and we are led unconsciously to revere his goodness, and to praise his name. In the contemplation of a future state of existence, the mind is deeply impressed with the effect which our present actions have upon its happiness, and we form, perhaps, anew, resolutions to practise more steadily the principles of virtue, and to shun with more readiness the path of vice. If *such* are the reflections and resolutions which a view of the works of an almighty power excite, we can with truth affirm, that they are more beneficial than could have been derived from any other source. When we consider that we are here forming characters for another and a better world, we cannot regret that there are some views of His goodness calculated to excite feelings of reflection and improvement. We are daily reminded that with us it will soon be as with our departed friends; we see the companions of our youth one by one quitting the stage of life, and scarce a day passes that consigns not to the tomb some victim of the tyrant Death. Even should we be cherished in the memory of those who survive, they, too, ere long must be consigned to the same dark dwelling, and there will be none left to say that we have ever lived. But there is One whose memory never faileth,—His regard and His love it should be our constant aim to merit; and though Death, with its ruthless power, should erase every vestige of our existence here, our future support will be the Rock of Ages, and our future dwelling the paradise of God.

23 Brighton Street, Feb. 18, 1835.

To the Editor of Zion's Herald:

Sir—I have just read in your paper of to-day a letter signed "D. D. Whedon," and headed "Foreign Interference." I am ignorant of the profession or station of the writer. If he be a Christian man, and continue one a few years longer, he will, I believe, deeply lament the publication of the sentiments which that letter contains. Under what extraordinary circumstances of excitement it was written I cannot say. I hope it was not a cool closet composition; for with the belief that it had been written deliberately, I should be compelled to draw conclusions very unfavorable to the character of the writer's heart.

He declares it *right* to denounce the measures of the Papists in this country as "infamous and impertinent foreign interference;" and then asks, in reference to myself, "but with what severer epithet [severer than *infamous* and *impertinent!*] shall we characterize the man who comes to lecture the citizens of these United States upon the most delicate and most vital of all the POLITICAL *questions* which agitate this distracted nation." In other words, who comes to "open his mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy." Your correspondent proceeds—"Did that gentleman come, commissioned from some foreign clubs, to collect meetings and *nominate an American President*, it might be borne with *comparative patience*;" but to come to apply the principles of the gospel to a system which reduces to the most brutal subjection one-sixth portion of the home-born population of these United States;—which puts out the eyes of the soul, defaces the image of the Maker, and leaves the wretched victim to grope sightless and hopeless to the judgment of an equal God;—which tears the infant from the mother's bosom, and brands it as a beast for the shambles;—which converts into solemn mockery the charter of man's rights, and all the forms of justice;—which renders null and void the holy bond of matrimony;—which denies the Book of Life to two millions, who without it are destitute of that knowledge which begets a hope beyond the grave;—which punishes with DEATH the second offence of teaching an immortal being the way to heaven:—to apply the principles of eternal righteousness to such a system, is a work which requires "better credentials than a diploma from any foreign Society, of whatever character or of whichever sex." Your correspondent is "right," and I am thankful that such credentials are at hand. Whenever your correspondent is disposed, I will in his presence spread these credentials before any impartial American audience he can collect, and allow him all the space he wishes to question their sufficiency, or invalidate their authority.

There is every evidence that your correspondent deems himself a staunch *patriot*,—so staunch that he dare not trust himself to comment upon the extensive patronage which the Anti-Slavery Association of this country have extended towards me, lest he should be "betrayed into language *half as strong*" as the "perpetration of such an act" "deserves."

From the 57th page of the Life of Richard Watson I make the following extract. It is the language of that distinguished ornament of the Methodist body, and will perhaps show that the work in which I am engaged is as patriotic as writing unkind and violent articles against the friends of the enslaved:—

"To what, then, ought *patriotism* to be directed? It has secured our civil rights; it has organized our armies; it has rendered our navy invincible; it has extended our commerce, and enlarged our dominions: but there is yet one object to be accomplished, without which well appointed armies, an invincible navy, extended commerce, and enlarged dominion, will add little to our dignity, our happiness, or our real strength;—I mean, *the correction of our* MORALS. Immorality and irreligion as certainly dry up the resources of a nation, and hasten its downfall, as a worm at the root of the finest plant will cause it to fade, to wither, and to die. *Wickedness arms God against us*; and if he 'speak concerning a nation, to pluck it up and to destroy,' no counsels, however wise, no plans, however judicious, no exertions, however vigorous, can avert the sentence—'*Righteousness exalteth a nation*;' and *every endeavor to promote it is* PATRIOTIC."

Adopting Mr. Watson's views of "patriotism," I plead for the liberation from hateful and unjust bonds of 2,250,000 human, immortal, blood-ransomed beings. Am I worse than "*infamous*" and "*impertinent*" for this?

I plead that the hindrances to moral and religious improvement may be removed, and the colored population, instead of "perishing for lack of knowledge," enjoy the blessings of education, grow up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and in his fear discharge all the duties of civil, social, and domestic life. Am I worse than "*infamous*" and "*impertinent*" for this?

I plead that the BIBLE may be given to millions of accountable beings who are now prohibited from looking into its pages. Am I worse then than "*infamous*" and "*impertinent*" for doing this?

I plead for the abolition of temptation and opportunities to licentiousness, profligacy, and impurity, and the presentation of motives to chastity, honor and fidelity. Am I worse than "*infamous*" and "*impertinent*" for doing this?

I plead for the recognition, protection, sanctification and security of the marriage tie. Am I worse than "*infamous*" and "*impertinent*" for doing this?

I plead for the abolition of a practice that robs the fathers and mothers of this land of two hundred new born infants a day, and introduces that number of hapless innocents into all the pollution and degradation of hopeless thraldom. Am I worse than "*infamous*" and "*impertinent*" for doing this?

But enough. Let the Christian world judge between me and my accuser. I fear not the verdict.

I desire to register my unfeigned gratitude to God for the success which he has uniformly granted to the fearless publication of the truth upon the subject of Slavery. Our cause is advancing rapidly. Its advocates may smile upon all opposition. Any attempt to prevent the spread of abolition sentiments, or crush the spirit which is now going through the land, is as vain, (to say nothing of its wickedness,) as to attempt to hurl the Rocky Mountains from their foundations, or roll back the waters of the Mississippi. We may adopt the language of the dying Wesley—"The best of all is, God is with us."

To D. D. Whedon I would kindly say—Take the letter you have published to your closet, your knees, and your God. Pray earnestly for wisdom, truth, and charity. Contemplate the state of things in the Southern States of the country you profess to love. Let the slave stand before you in the awful attributes of a deathless and accountable being. Reflect upon your own responsibilty to plead his cause and promote his present and eternal good,—and then say, whether you have done well to seek to bring down upon the head of a stranger, and the slave's advocate, a relentless storm of popular indignation.

I will offer no reply to your remarks on my country. They are wholly unworthy the Christian,—the patriot,—and the man.

In respect to the "fulness of hospitality" which you say you would "pour upon me" if I were an inactive and indifferent observer of the wrongs of the slave, I beg to say, that I am quite content to relinquish the enjoyment, and see it reserved for the "Christian brother" who can "forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain."

Pardon, Mr. Editor, these protracted remarks. I doubt not you will follow the dictates of justice whether you insert or reject what I have written. It is not likely I shall soon trouble you again. Heaven bless your country, and send a speedy and peaceful triumph to the cause of the oppressed! "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!"

——"All is in his hand whose praise I seek,
Whose power can disappoint the proudest work,
Whose approbation prosper even mine."

Very respectfully yours,

GEO. THOMPSON.

Trade in China.—Perhaps there is no country in the world about which we know less than of China; and what we do know is much disfigured by error. It is almost universally believed in England that the Chinese have the greatest abhorrence of Europe, its customs, and produce; whereas, instead of shunning commercial intercourse with foreigners, they are most anxious to engage in it, though restrained to a certain extent by their rulers. A mercantile spirit pervades the whole nation; no country in Asia carries on so large a traffic, or can boast of half so great a number of merchant craft. It would be futile to say to what an extent trade must be benefited by throwing open its ports to the unshackled industry of British enterprise. The absurd laws of restriction in China counteract their own mischief, because opposed to the evident good of the many; and, as trade continues to increase, must daily become less and less potent; perhaps no one act could confer a greater boon on English commerce, than the opening of the India trade. A very few years will, we trust, exemplify the truth of this; but in the mean time it behoves all interested in it to acquire the most authentic information respecting the people who with ourselves are, we hope, about to participate in the advantages of unlimited national intercourse.—*Monthly Magazine.*

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## SLAVERY.

NO. VII.

Mr. Editor—To see the price of human beings estimated in dollars and cents—to see wholesale dealers in immortal beings bidding up cash for human cattle, and in turn offering again the same *rational* stock for *cash*—to see a troop of melancholy immortals, with drooping heads and spirits, and sorrowful countenances, led to the public sales-room and there sold under the hammer of the auctioneer, the husband to one, the wife to another, and perhaps the children to others, and that too in connection with *empty barrels* and *old candle boxes*, and other similar articles, *is almost past human endurance.* And yet all this, nay, much more, equally disgraceful and cruel may be seen in the land of the *free!* The star-spangled banner proudly and hypocritically waves over the bondage and oppression of *millions* of our fellow citizens. In the same city where may be seen flying the colors of American freedom,—colors deeply stained with the patriotic blood of our fathers,—may be seen also in another direction, the flag of the human flesh auctioneer, as a signal of the public sale of *human beings.* How would such advertisements as the following appear in the public journals of New England? Just as they would appear a little farther South, had they not so often appeared that they cease to startle, and were they not a *part* of the system of Slavery.

Near the office of the Richmond Enquirer, in Virginia, says Mrs. Child, not long since an auction flag was hoisted with the following curious advertisement:—

"On Monday, the 17th inst., will be sold in front of the High Constable's Office, one bright mulatto woman, about twenty-six years of age; also, *some empty barrels*, and *sundry old candle boxes.*"

Dealing in slaves, says Niles' Register, has become a large business. Establishments are made at several places in Maryland and Virginia, at which they are sold like cattle. These places are strongly built, and well supplied with *thumb-screws, gags, cowskins and other whips often times* BLOODY.

The following notice is from the Richmond Enquirer:—

"This is to inform my former acquaintances, and the public generally, that *I yet continue the slave trade* at Richmond, Virg., and will at *all times* give a fair market price for young negroes. Persons in this state, Maryland or North Carolina, wishing to sell *lots* of negroes, are particularly requested to forward their wishes to me by mail; also persons living near Richmond, having one or more for sale.

"Persons wishing to purchase *lots* of negroes are requested to give me a call, as I keep *constantly* on hand at this place a *great many* for sale, and have at this time the use of one hundred likely negroes, consisting of boys, young men, and girls; and I will sell at all times in *lots to suit purchasers.* Persons from the Southern States wishing to buy a choice lot of slaves will do well to call on me, as I shall be able to furnish them at any time.

"I have comfortable rooms, with a *jail* attached for the reception of negroes; and persons coming to this place to sell slaves can be accommodated;—the company of *gentlemen* (!) dealing in slaves will conveniently and attentively be received. My situation is very healthy and suitable for the business. Lewis A. Collier.

"*April* 19, 1833."

"Who does not know," says Mr. Paxton, who was once a slave-holder, "that *hundreds of thousands of dollars* are employed in this trade—that vessels run constantly from the Middle to the South-western States, loaded with slaves—and that many men of *high standing* in society are interested in the traffic? Who does not know that in this trade little or no regard is paid to the nearest and dearest relations in life—that the husband and wife, the parent and child, are separated without hesitation, when a *better bargain* can in that way be obtained."

"Curiosity," says a gentleman in Charleston to his friend in New York, "sometimes leads me to the *auction sales* of the negroes. A few days since I attended one which exhibited the beauties of Slavery in all their sickening deformity. The bodies of these wretched beings were placed upright on a table, their physical proportions examined, and their defects and beauties noted. 'A prime lot, here they go!' There I saw the father looking with sullen contempt on the crowd, and expressing an indignation in countenance that he dare not speak; and the mother pressing her infant closer to her bosom with an involuntary grasp, and exclaiming, in wild and simple sentences, while the tears chased down her cheeks in quick succession—'I cant leff my children! I wont leff my children!' But on the hammer went, reckless alike whether it united or sundered forever. On another stand I saw a man exposed for sale apparently *as white as myself.*

"At another time I saw the concluding scene of an infernal drama. It was on the wharf. A slave ship for New Orleans was lying in the stream, and the poor negroes, *hand-cuffed and pinioned*, were hurried off in boats, eight at a time. Here I witnessed the last farewell—the heart-rending separation of every earthly tie, the mute and agonizing embrace of the husband and wife, the convulsive grasp of the mother and child, who were alike torn asunder—forever! It was a *living death*—they never see or hear of each other more. Tears flowed fast, and mine with the rest."

The following advertisement is from a speech delivered by Charles Miner in the House of Representatives of the United States, in 1829, on the subject of Slavery:—

"We will give cash for *one hundred* likely young negroes of both sexes, between the ages of eight and twenty-five years. Persons who wish to sell would do well to give us a call, as the negroes are wanted immediately. We will give more than any other purchasers that are in market, or may hereafter come into market.

"Any letters addressed to the subscribers, through the post office at Alexandria, will be promptly attended to. For information inquire of the subscribers at the west end of Dutee street, Alexandria, D. C.

"Franklin & Annfield."

In view of the above facts, and thousands of others of a similar character, who can question the doctrine of *human depravity?* How dark must be the understanding, and how blunted every moral feeling, before men can be induced to riot in human carnage and blood! Slavery, in connection with the slave trade, whether domestic or foreign, outrages and tramples under foot the laws of equity and justice, as well as the dearest interests and privileges of our fellow men. And all this in a land of *liberty* and *religion.* But can any human statute disannul the laws of the Supreme Jehovah? And can precedents in cruelty and oppression destroy the natural and inalienable rights of rational and accountable beings? Has it indeed come to this, that in the most enlightened nation under heaven, *millions* of immortal spirits are subject to the caprices of a few *irresponsible tyrants?* judged and punished at their pleasure, without *trial* and without *law?* What is slave-holding in our country but a legalized system of robbery, theft, fornication, and even *murder?* Hundreds and thousands of colored persons, *legally free*, have been stolen by white skins and black hearts, in this country, and sold into perpetual and merciless bondage,—robbed of all they held dear,—consigned to the most degrading prostitution, and, in many instances, to *untimely graves!*

These facts are notorious. They cannot be denied either in the North or South. And yet, in the opinion of many, even in the non-slave-holding states, (though I blush to say it,) there is a sacredness brooding over this unrighteous and bloody system, which seems to say—'Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the ground is holy.' If one steal a horse, or even a dog, he must be imprisoned; but he may steal a man or a woman, and still sustain the character of a gentleman! Or if a man sell a horse or dog that is not his own, though it be not stolen, the penalty of the law falls upon him; but one may sell a human being, in whom it is impossible for him in the nature of things to hold property, providing there be a drop of black blood in his veins, though actually whiter than himself, and perhaps *his own son*, and no one must so much as lift a voice against him, or even mention his conduct.—While the groans and cries of hundreds of thousands of writhing victims are piercing the heavens, and entering into the ears of Him who has created all men free and equal, a death-like silence it would seem should be maintained through the whole length and breadth of our country. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of" pagan lands "triumph."

Mark the inconsistencies of our political economy. The foreign slave trade, after a twenty years' license, is considered *piracy;* while the domestic traffic, which is scarcely less cruel, *is encouraged.* The far-famed District of Columbia, (with its temple of freedom, and its thundering orators, proclaiming in strains of varied eloquence the sweetness of liberty and equality of all men,) is the great store-house of slave merchants. A territory of only ten miles square contains thousands of slaves. Thither they are driven from the neighboring states, and from thither they are again driven through the country hand-cuffed and chained together, or taken in the slave ship to southern markets. To this place both the seller and the buyer resort; and in the columns of the Globe may be frequently seen—*Cash* for negroes, and *negroes* for cash. But how would this traffic appear if *white citizens* were its subjects? Would the country then be silent? And are not negroes *human beings?* Have *they* not natural and inalienable rights as well as others? Have we any more right, in view of justice and religion, to steal, rob, sell and enslave colored persons, than they have to do the same to us? Is the pagan notion of *caste* by *Christian Americans* made to extend to the *color of the skin?* Do slave-holders ever reflect, that they do the same violence to the laws of God and the rights of man by enslaving their colored brethren, that they would do if they were to treat their white neighbors thus? Will the American tyrant dare to plead at the bar of God the color of the skin as an apology for his crimes? O. Scott.

*February* 23, 1835.

P. S. I ought perhaps to have said before this, by way of apology for the obvious imperfections of my essays in many respects, that they are *all* written in a hurry, the first rough draft being all that I am able in any instance to furnish you with. They are mostly written in *company*, and at *intervals of frequent interruptions.* Justice to myself, as well as to your readers, seems to require that I say thus much.

It has frequently been objected to emancipation, that it would have a tendency to an amalgamation of the whites and blacks. In my next I shall notice this objection; for, though it is not in accordance with my plan to consider objections to emancipation before discussing that subject, yet, as the consideration of this objection in this place will lead to the developement of another important feature in the slave-holding system, I therefore anticipate a little this item of my plan. O. S.


# ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1835.


## INFIDELITY READY TO UNITE WITH POPERY!

*Popery is sanctified Infidelity.* This declaration is made in perfect good faith. We do not mean that it possesses all the peculiar qualities of that noxious weed. Strip it, however, of its outward pomp and glitter, and you have nothing but the fundamental principles of Infidelity. A union we do not think very probable; yet it *may* occur ultimately. Mr. Kneeland, however, is prepared. He says in his last—

In this respect [their civil rights] we do not hesitate to say, we do most sincerely sympathize with them; and should such aggressions on them, as destroying their property in an unprovoked manner be repeated, and if we are to be called into court twice or thrice a year to defend ourselves for our religious opinions, it is high time we should so far UNITE as to cause both their and our civil rights to be respected.

Let this UNION but take place, and the great Western Valley will speak in a voice of thunder that all the missionary fanatics of our country will never be able to silence.

Mr. Kneeland, in reply to the compliment published in our last from the Catholic Sentinel, says—

We are glad that such a paper as the C. S. has been established in Boston, advocating, as it does, the genuine principles of Democracy with the strength of a Hercules.

Our readers will perceive by the above extracts, that the Papists feel more fraternally towards Infidels than Christians.

When will the host of God's elect thoroughly rouse up to this question? When will they see the deep, dark designs of this horrible system? *When!* do we ask? They are up—the armor is on—the battle is commenced. Courage! ye soldiers of Jesus. Unflinchingly advance! Carry the war into the enemy's country. The victory is ours, for "God is with us."

[Correspondence of Zion's Herald.]

## THE CONTEST BEGUN.

*Popery becoming Important—State of Feeling Southward—New York—Protestant Association—Doct. Brownlee—Protestant Vindicator—Public Lectures—Philadelphia—Hughes and M'Auley.*

Dear Brother—I am glad to perceive that the Christians of Boston are beginning to awake to the perils with which Popery is environing the interests of the American Church, and the blessings of American liberty. From what observations I have been able to make respecting the state of the public mind in both the Middle and Western States on this interesting subject, I feel justified in asserting that it is becoming the "lion" topic of the day. Ministers and people are beginning to feel, that the evils predicted from the spread of Popery by the few faithful watchmen of Zion who have dared to lift their voice of alarm, are not chimeras, but fearful realities; and as such they must prepare to meet them.

The ministry and people of New York are more or less awake, except (I mention it with mortification) our own denomination. The pulpits and presses of almost every other denomination are weekly sounding the alarm, while our pulpits are silent, and our press, than which by its extensive circulation, no press has a greater responsibility to God and the community, is endeavoring to encourage this silence by declaring that there is no ground of alarm, and attacking, by a most singular misconstruction of his language, one of the ministers of the church which it represents, who has dared to speak out on the subject.

A large number of the Evangelical Clergy of this city have formed a society for the discussion of Popery: They have frequent public meetings and are producing considerable impression. Papists frequently appear in their midst, and manifest their republican liberality by endeavoring to suppress the discussions by riotous interruption. An interesting meeting of this association was held on the 13th Feb. at Broadway Hall, where there was considerable interruption, while Rev. Mr. Bourne was addressing the audience, from the Papists present. Order was soon restored, and the question—"*Is Popery incompatible with civil liberty?*" was ably discussed. During the discussion a Papist attempted to sustain the negative, but only detained the audience by an incoherent wandering harangue, which was most amusingly and humorously replied to by the Rev. Mr. Stark.

Dr. Brownlee continues to belabor the poor Jesuits of this city. The Doctor possesses the genuine and redoubtable spirit of Luther;—just the kind of genius which the crisis demands. You recollect his written controversy on the subject. It is about to be published along with the letters of the Catholic Priests, and will, by thus presenting the reasoning of the Papists, give an interesting view of the whole scope of the controversy. "Brutus" has published his "Conspiracies, &c." in a small volume, accompanied with notes. They are elaborate and eloquent articles. I hope it will be scattered over the whole country. He is a distinguished scholar and artist of this city, and has his information from personal observation, while in Europe a few years since. The "Downfall of Babylon" is transferred to this city. You know its character.

The "Protestant Vindicator" is exclusively devoted to the cause. It is a spirited journal. Deducting a little for its biting sarcasm, it is one of the best sustained periodicals of the religious press. Every week it is replete with interesting articles on the subject to which it is devoted. It has a list of twenty-five regular contributors.

A course of lectures is likewise going on here on the prominent points of the subject, sustained by some of the first clergy of the city. Eight of the course have already been delivered with spirited ability, and the ninth is to be delivered next Sabbath evening in the Rev. Mr. Marcellus' Church, by Rev. John Breckenridge, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education. He is a most eloquent speaker, and one in whom the courage of a champion and the meekness of the Christian are most remarkably blended. His subject is to be—"*Popery opposed to civil and religious liberty.*" You see then that the battle is moving in New York.

Philadelphia is likewise beginning to awake. Not long since the Young Men's Debating Society of the city proposed the "Political tendencies of Popery" for discussion at a public meeting. In order that the subject might be the more thoroughly canvassed, Rev. J. Hughes of the Catholic Church, a man of superior education, as well as natural accomplishments, was elected an honorary member, and likewise the Rev. Mr. Breckenridge, and Rev. Dr. M'Auley in behalf of the Protestants. The meeting was overwhelmingly large, and an intense interest was excited. Mr. Breckenridge was absent at New York on his official duties at the time of his appointment, and Dr. M'Auley had been interdicted from appearing in public by his physician for several months. The latter gentleman seeing the emergency of the case, feeble as he was, went to the meeting. It was crowded when he arrived, and he stood unobserved amid the throng at the door. Hughes occupied a considerable length of time in defending some preliminary propositions which he wished the meeting to adopt, but which, with most consummate Jesuitical ingenuity, compromised the whole subject, and would have enabled him to carry his point. Their bearing was altogether concealed by his eloquence, and they were on the point of being adopted, when the feeble voice of the Doctor was heard from the crowd at the door—"Mr. President, Mr. President, I wish to say a word on that subject." He was borne along with acclamation almost over the heads of the throng to the platform, where, with an eloquent and sweeping force of argument, he literally annihilated the logic and craftiness of the Jesuit. A thrill of triumph pervaded the assembly. The Priest was confounded. A more signal instance of refutation has seldom been witnessed. The enfeebled minister, as if gathering a preternatural strength from the occasion, attacked with giant energy, and scattered in ruins every position of his antagonist. The audience retired, conscious that there were men in Israel capable of meeting her enemies.

Yours, &c.

## FEMALE COLLEGE.

The ladies will yet be first in the field of literature. We are pleased with the following, from a western paper, but hope domestic education will not be neglected:—

It will be observed among the acts of our Legislature, that there have been conferred upon Messrs. Van Doren's Institute for young Ladies in Lexington, Ky. which for more than three years past has been ably and prosperously sustained by its founders, the chartered rights and standing of a college, by the name of Van Doren's College for Young Ladies.

By the power granted to the Board of Trustees and the Faculty of the College, we understand that a diploma, and the honorary degree of M. P. L. *(Mistress of Polite Literature)* will be conferred upon those young ladies who complete the prescribed course of studies; and that the same honor may be conferred upon other distinguished literary ladies in our country, and also, that the honorary degree of M. M. *(Mistress of Music)* and M. I. *(Mistress of Instruction)* may be conferred by this College upon suitable candidates.—We hope that this institution will prove successful in raising and sustaining the standard of Female Education in our country, and that our *favored daughters*, as well as our sons, may be thus properly trained and educated for their future responsible and important stations in the family and society.

Brethren and Sisters—*Awake!* A great work is before you. The enemies of the Cross are up. *Infidelity* has exposed her grim visage and thrust out her black banner. She points in triumph to its horrid device, and has already gathered a throng around her. *Universalism* is lending her aid to shake off the responsibility of Christianity. False prophets are struggling in the generation of error. *Popery* has commenced anew the Satanic work of forging chains for the human mind. Sinners are perishing. The heathen are crying for the waters of life. A great work, we say, is before you. The God of armies slumbers not—but have his soldiers their armor on? Brother, Sister, are you closing in the conflict? The Lord has put the sword into your hands—If you wield it not his enemies will not be slain. March on, brethren; follow the great Captain of salvation, and the victory is yours. But drop your shield, and slumber on your arms, and you are vanquished. Awake! Awake!—N.

## ROMAN CATHOLIC MORALITY.

The Irish Roman Catholics have a tradition, that there once lived in Ireland, a man whose name was St. Patrick. The editor of the Roman Catholic Sentinel announces in his paper of Feb. 21, that "the preparations now in progress in this city, for celebrating the Anniversary of the Patron Saint of the land of courage, chastity, and genius, are worthy the spirit, intelligence, and liberality of patriotic Irishmen, and that the day will be commemorated this year, in all the cities of the Union, with an unusual glow and fervor of national enthusiasm." It seems then, that Irish Catholics alone, are sufficiently numerous in this country to give the celebration of the birth day of St. Patrick a *national* character. But how is this day to be celebrated? Let Mr. George Pepper answer.

What torpid stoic can have a heart of such Lapland snow, as to censure the rational, patriotic, and intellectual enjoyment in which Irishmen indulge on Patrick's day?

We think any one may satisfy himself what Mr. Pepper considers rational, patriotic, and intellectual enjoyment, by visiting our city on the birth day of St. Patrick, the 17th of March, and especially the Police Court, the next day. And we think also, that the Justices of that Court will be such "torpid stoics, and have such hearts of Lapland snow," as to sentence many of them to the House of Correction for *two, four*, and *six* months, where they can pursue their rational and "intellectual" meditations undisturbed.

But who would suppose, that the organ of the *only true church*, would not only apologize for, but actually countenance such unlimited licentiousness and gross libertinism as is contained in the following paragraphs? Look at the vulgar insinuations against Temperance and Bible Societies. Look at the endorsed quotation from Sterne's Sentimental Journey,—a relation, which for its obscenity and sensuality has scarcely a parallel. See how pathetically Mr. Pepper calls drunkenness, a *venial transgression.* With how much dignity and modesty he spurns the idea of suffering the "Bible mongers and the trading saints of temperance" "to prescribe for his voluptuous appetite." But we give place to Mr. Pepper.—B.

The conduct of even the less intelligent class of our countrymen, on the natal day of their Apostle, sufficiently evidences, that religious hypocrisy is not the characteristic of an Irishman. On that day, in the warmth of his gratitude, he forgets for a moment the religious example of his revered Saint, that he may the more strongly express the ardor of his feelings and the emotion of his natural affections. We may, indeed, apply to the Irish, what Sterne has applied to the French peasant, in the *Sentimental Journey*,—"Religion mixes in the gay dance, and gives an elevation of spirit, different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity." Frigid and passionless, indeed, should that austere philosophy be, which would deny the Irish laborer those simple gratifications of unsophisticated and unsuspecting nature. The sunny day of festive enjoyment seldom dawns for him, and, when it does, we must not, therefore, be surprised, that during the national passover, if he should unconsciously stray beyond the ambiguous and contracted bounds laid down on the map of mock-morality, by those canting hypocrites, who arrogantly style themselves *Temperance Societies.* This venial transgression is, however, a license which these demure and deceptive religionists are unwilling to allow to the tired and depressed workman.

But let these cold and chilling disciples of dogmatic temperance, learn to practice what they so insolently preach; let charity subtilize to the consistence of liberality, the vile and irrational spirit which now actuates the Bible mongers, and the trading saints of temperance, in this state. What right have they, we would ask, to dare to dictate to intelligent men, who despise and decry their culpable and unwarrantable assumption of the duties of moral censors, to prescribe for our voluptuous appetites? Those counterfeit and hypocritical religionists, who "assume virtue though they have none," term passion absurd and lawless, when it does not quadrate with the affected apathy of their own disguised nature.

Our next Governor.—On Wednesday evening the Antimasonic members of the Legislature, and other citizens, held a meeting in the Representatives' Hall, at which Hon. Edward Everett was unanimously nominated to be supported as a candidate for Governor at the next election.

On Friday evening the same gentleman was nominated by the Anti-administration (Whig) members of the Legislature for Governor, and His Honor S. T. Armstrong for Lieutenant Governor.

## SIMULTANEOUS TEMPERANCE MEETING.

On Tuesday evening a temperance meeting was held at the Old South Church. Joseph Jenkins, Esq. presided. The assembly was addressed by S. Fairbanks, Esq., Mr. Thaxter, Rev. Mr. Lathrop, W. Brigham, Esq., Rev. Messrs. Wright, Taylor, and Pierpont. The following beautiful lines were sung by the choir:—

### THE PLEDGE.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy powers confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's tree,
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee
The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die,"
I dare not lift thy liquid gem:—
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glowed
For Paul upon Melitia's shore,
Thou'st been upon my guests bestowed;
But thou shalt warm my house no more,
For, wheresoe'er thy radiance falls,
Forth, from thy heat, a viper crawls!

What, though of gold the goblet be,
Embossed with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see
Such clusters as poured out the wine?—
Among these leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him; for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Looked up to that ordained of God,
And found that life was in the sight.
So the WORM-bitten's fiery veins
Cool when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep cold wells!
Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip!
Springs, that from earth's mysterious cells,
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look;—your largess give,
And I will drink of you, and live.

Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.—A large number of petitions have been presented to the U. S. Senate, during the present session, upon this subject, which have caused a number of eloquent speeches. They were referred to the Committee on the District. A large minority appeared decidedly favorable to the object of the petitioners. The N. Y. Journal of Commerce supposes that the petitions will be granted at the next session of Congress.

Marvin Marcy, Jr. at the present session of the Supreme Court, convened at East Cambridge, was sentenced to three days solitary imprisonment, and hard labor for life in the State Prison. He was so seriously affected by it that he was found the same afternoon insensible in his cell, and fears were felt that he would lose his life. It was thought that he had poisoned himself; this, however, Dr. Hooker, the attending physician, says is not true. He will probably recover.

A petition, nearly forty feet long, with the signatures in double columns, has been presented to Gov. Davis, signed by over 9,000 persons, requesting his pardon. This (to their honor) was signed by Bishop Fenwick and the Lady Superior. We ardently hope it will be granted. The boy has been already more than sufficiently punished for his crime. What he has suffered will have a sobering, reforming influence on the whole of his life.

The trial of the other rioters will take place next April. We hope impartial *justice* will be the result.

## CONGRESS.

Hon. George Poindexter.—The following letters respecting this gentleman, will explain themselves. A committee of five have been appointed by the U. S. Senate, in compliance with Mr. Poindexter's request, to examine the charges made against him.

"*Washington, Feb.* 21.

"Hon. M. Van Buren, *Vice President:*

"Sir—I address you, as the presiding officer of the Senate, on a subject involving a criminal charge, highly injurious to my moral character, and which, if true, ought to cause my expulsion from the august body of which I am a member. An article in the form of a letter from a person in this city, to his correspondent in New York, has found its way into the public prints, and has already been widely circulated throughout the country, alleging that the 'Administration' was in possession of depositions taken from three individuals, who swear that Richard Lawrence, the assassin, was seen by them in the private room of George Poindexter, the two days immediately anterior to his attempting the life of Gen. Jackson.

"No one, I presume, sir, can mistake the purpose for which these depositions have been *procured.* The evident design is to fix on me the most infamous of all crimes—that of having been an accessary before the fact, to an attempt to take the life of the Chief Magistrate, by the hand of an assassin! A charge so monstrous, and so repugnant to the tenor of my past life, resting simply on the authority of an anonymous letter in the columns of a newspaper, might well be placed to the general account of the calumnies of the day, which have of late been so freely cast on me, and as such would scarcely merit contradiction from me. But the investigation which I have thus far given to this conspiracy against my character, has enabled me to trace the authority on which the statement in the letter referred to was founded, to a member of the House of Representatives from Rhode Island; and the depositions therein spoken of have been taken at the instance of the President himself. Having ascertained these facts, I deem it to be a duty which I owe to myself, to my constituents, to society at large, and to the Senate, to ask the appointment of a special committee, clothed with power to send for persons and papers, and to inquire into the truth or falsehood of the charge imputed to me, having relation to the Chief Magistrate of the nation;—that if found guilty, I may no longer disgrace the seat which I occupy in this body.

"I have the honor to be,

"With great respect,

"Your most ob't servant,

"Geo. Poindexter.

"*Washington City, Feb.* 21, 1834.

"Hon. Geo. Poindexter:

"Sir—In reply to your note which I received this morning, I am at liberty to state, in answer to the interrogatory which you have propounded—"In whose hands did you see the affidavits of which you speak?" that the affidavits were by me read at the house of the President of the United States. They were handed to me in his presence, by a friend of his—by me returned to the President; and were put into his hands by the *affiants* themselves, as I have been informed by him: and I am further authorized to say that other testimony of the kind is expected. Your very obedient servant,

"Dutee J. Pearce."

The affidavits mentioned by Mr. Pearce have been published. *David Stewart* declares on oath that he saw Lawrence enter Mr. Poindexter's house about the first of January, and that he saw them conversing together on the Tuesday before the assassination. *Mordecai Foy* makes oath that he several different times has seen Lawrence go into Mr. Poindexter's house.

## SEIZE HIM!—SEIZE HIM!

Whom?

Why, Mr. E. Delavan, Editor of the Albany Temperance Intelligencer, to be sure.

But why seize *him?*

Why! he has dared to trample upon my lawful employment, and has tried "to make others believe that beer is an uncleanly and unwholesome compound; more fit to be poured into the ditch than into the human stomach."

Well, isn't it true?

What of that?—I am authorized to make and sell it.

For this enormous crime, this gentleman has had eight writs served upon him, and is held to bail in the trifling sum of $40,000.

*Brother Editors!* we must beware how we write against that wholesome and cleanly beverage ycleped Beer. Ah! we forgot to include Dea. Giles' Distillery. Don't mention it, lest Dea. *Stone* should indict you for libel.

Infidelity.—It is mortifying to learn from the proceedings of the Massachusetts legislature, that there are 14 individuals in that body who despise religion, as was evinced by that number of votes given to *Abner Kneeland*, as chaplain, to preach the annual election sermon. It is a disgrace to that Commonwealth.—*Bangor Freeman.*

Our cheeks tingled while perusing the above paragraph. The names of the representatives who cast such a vote should be published. As one of the "sovereign people," be they Administration or Anti—be they Mason or Anti—we would vote against them, and use all our influence to induce others to do the same. But at present we must bear the disgrace thus inflicted on us.

Take Courage, Brethren!—The enemy fears us. A Roman Catholic priest thus writes:—

"Zeal for error is always hot, particularly among the Methodists, whom nothing can turn them from their track, and who heap *absurdity upon absurdity.* I should despair, if I should see this sect building a church in my neighborhood."

It is in the power of the Methodist ministry to make every Popish priest "despair" of success. Let us be faithful in rebuking baptized sin.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## THE REV. MR. SNOWDEN'S CHURCH.

A writer in the Herald, a while since, informed us that Rev. Samuel Snowden needed a larger house to accommodate his congregation, &c.; and I hoped something might have been done before this, to remove the inconvenience. But it seems the subject has gone to sleep, and need only to be awakened and fully exhibited to the public, to secure attention.

The benevolent citizens of Boston have long lamented the licentiousness and immorality of the western section of the city, and thousands of dollars have been expended for its reformation. City missionaries have been appointed, and a house built in Butolph street for the benefit of the colored population; yet when I was in Boston in July last I was told that the managers of that house had about concluded to change it into a school house, as they failed of obtaining such a congregation as had been anticipated.

But the objections of their neighbors prevented their design. Here then is a house, and preacher, and considerable expense; but a *congregation* so small, they nearly despair of success;—and in the same section a *house* so small that it is believed *not one half* can be accommodated who would gladly attend. Now what is the cause of this? Has not Mr. Snowden exemplified the character of a Christian and a minister, for nearly 20 years, in Boston? Has he not been successful, as the Lord's instrument, of reclaiming many of the colored population from the error of their ways? And are not many others *now* desiring the privilege of sitting under his ministry, who are prevented for want of room? Let these things be investigated, and the *facts* in the case be brought before the benevolent, and I am mistaken, if the evil be not soon removed.

A few years ago, a few benevolent souls struggled hard to establish and support a meeting for the weather-beaten sailors, but the place was too strait for them. They made an appeal to the public, and brought facts before their eyes, and what was the effect? If any be ignorant, let them visit the Seamen's Bethel in North Square. Now let the friends of Mr. Snowden and the colored population in Boston, unite with the friends of human souls generally of every denomination, and make one joint effort to provide a house large enough to accommodate all who may wish to attend, and the present season may witness the erection of such a house. A Well Wisher.

*Feb.* 23, 1835.

We had not forgotten the hint we threw out a few weeks since upon this subject, but were waiting to observe how it would operate. The feeling upon the subject, it rejoices us to say, is beginning to pervade the religious community.

Brother Snowden's house is altogether *too small.* Sabbath evenings, we are told, large numbers are compelled to retire for want of accommodations. It has been truly called "a mere nutshell of a locality." If it were four or five times larger it would be crowded; for brother Snowden is *popular* among those of his own color. He is deservedly so, too. His theological attainments are good—his mode of delivery interesting—his piety always consistent—and his labors untiring. He is not a rare exemplification of the fact that the negro's intellect is by no means necessarily below that of the white man. Shall then such a man be sustained?—a man who has already been a public blessing, and who will yet be able, with adequate space, to reform the great mass of the colored population?

Not only is the house itself too small, but the interior accommodations are very few. Let those who feel interested visit the place and see. The location too is not a good one. It should be more central.

Can any thing be done? We pause for an answer.

cast on me, and as such would scarcely merit con- on from me. But the investigation which I have r given to this conspiracy against my character, abled me to trace the authority on which the state- n the letter referred to was founded, to a member House of Representatives from Rhode Island; and positions therein spoken of have been taken at the e of the President himself. Having ascertained acts, I deem it to be a duty which I owe to myself, constituents, to society at large, and to the Senate, the appointment of a special committee, clothed ower to send for persons and papers, and to inquire e truth or falsehood of the charge imputed to me, relation to the Chief Magistrate of the nation;— found guilty, I may no longer disgrace the seat I occupy in this body.

"I have the honor to be,
"With great respect,
"Your most ob't servant,
"GEO. POINDEXTER.

"*Washington City, Feb.* 21, 1834.

Geo. Poindexter:

—In reply to your note which I received this g, I am at liberty to state, in answer to the inter- y which you have propounded—"In whose hands see the affidavits of which you speak?" that the ts were by me read at the house of the President United States. They were handed to me in his ce, by a friend of his—by me returned to the Pres- and were put into his hands by the *affiants* them- as I have been informed by him: and I am further zed to say that other testimony of the kind is ex-

Your very obedient servant,
"DUTEE J. PEARCE."

affidavits mentioned by Mr. Pearce have been ed. *David Stewart* declares on oath that he saw ce enter Mr. Poindexter's house about the first of y, and that he saw them conversing together on the y before the assassination. *Mordecai Foy* makes at he several different times has seen Lawrence go . Poindexter's house.

SEIZE HIM!—SEIZE HIM!

m?

, Mr. E. Delavan, Editor of the Albany Tem- e Intelligencer, to be sure.

why seize *him?*

! he has dared to trample upon my lawful em- nt, and has tried "to make others believe that beer ncleanly and unwholesome compound; more fit to red into the ditch than into the human stomach."

, isn't it true?

t of that?—I am authorized to make and sell it.

this enormous crime, this gentleman has had eight erved upon him, and is held to bail in the trifling $40,000.

*her Editors!* we must beware how we write that wholesome and cleanly beverage ycleped Ah! we forgot to include Dea. Giles' Distillery. mention it, lest Dea. *Stone* should indict you for

delity.—It is mortifying to learn from the pro- gs of the Massachusetts legislature, that there are viduals in that body who despise religion, as was d by that number of votes given to *Abner Kneeland,* plain, to preach the annual election sermon. It is a e to that Commonwealth.—*Bangor Freeman.*

cheeks tingled while perusing the above paragraph. ames of the representatives who cast such a vote be published. As one of the "sovereign people," y Administration or Anti—be they Mason or Anti would vote against them, and use all our influence ce others to do the same. But at present we must e disgrace thus inflicted on us.

e Courage, Brethren!—The enemy fears Roman Catholic priest thus writes:—

al for error is always hot, particularly among the lists, whom nothing can turn them from their track, o heap *absurdity upon absurdity.* I should despair, uld see this sect building a church in my neigh- ."

in the power of the Methodist ministry to make Popish priest "despair" of success. Let us be in rebuking baptized sin.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

HE REV. MR. SNOWDEN'S CHURCH.

iter in the Herald, a while since, informed us that amuel Snowden needed a larger house to accom- his congregation, &c.; and I hoped something ave been done before this, to remove the inconve- But it seems the subject has gone to sleep, and ly to be awakened and fully exhibited to the pub- ecure attention.

benevolent citizens of Boston have long lamented ntiousness and immorality of the western section of , and thousands of dollars have been expended for rmation. City missionaries have been appointed, ouse built in Butolph street for the benefit of the population; yet when I was in Boston in July last ld that the managers of that house had about con- o change it into a school house, as they failed of g such a congregation as had been anticipated. he objections of their neighbors prevented their de- Here then is a house, and preacher, and considera- ense; but a *congregation* so small, they nearly of success;—and in the same section a *house* so at it is believed *not one half* can be accommoda- would gladly attend. Now what is the cause of Has not Mr. Snowden exemplified the character istian and a minister, for nearly 20 years, in Bos- Has he not been successful, as the Lord's instru- f reclaiming many of the colored population from r of their ways? And are not many others *now* the privilege of sitting under his ministry, who vented for want of room? Let these things be in- ed, and the *facts* in the case be brought before the ent, and I am mistaken, if the evil be not soon re-

y years ago, a few benevolent souls struggled hard lish and support a meeting for the weather-beaten but the place was too strait for them. They made al to the public, and brought facts before their d what was the effect? If any be ignorant, let sit the Seamen's Bethel in North Square. Now friends of Mr. Snowden and the colored population n, unite with the friends of human souls generally denomination, and make one joint effort to provide large enough to accommodate all who may wish d, and the present season may witness the erection a house.

A Well Wisher.

23, 1835.

had not forgotten the hint we threw out a few since upon this subject, but were waiting to observe would operate. The feeling upon the subject, it us to say, is beginning to pervade the religious nity.

er Snowden's house is altogether *too small.* Sab- enings, we are told, large numbers are compelled e for want of accommodations. It has been truly "a mere nutshell of a locality." If it were four times larger it would be crowded; for brother en is *popular* among those of his own color. He is dly so, too. His theological attainments are good ode of delivery interesting—his piety always con- —and his labors untiring. He is not a rare exem- on of the fact that the negro's intellect is by no necessarily below that of the white man. Shall ch a man be sustained?—a man who has already public blessing, and who will yet be able, with ad- space, to reform the great mass of the colored pop- ?

nly is the house itself too small, but the interior odations are very few. Let those who feel inter- isit the place and see. The location too is not a e. It should be more central.

ny thing be done? We pause for an answer.



## MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

The Report of the Committee upon Bishop Fenwick's petition for remuneration for the loss of the Convent, has been published. It admits that the State is not bound to afford any remuneration, but still recommends $——, as a gratuity. The "sovereign people" would be marvellously well pleased to have their representatives voting *gifts* out of the public treasury to rebuild the Convent! No, no; if we *owe* it, pay it—but not without.

A *minority* Report is published. This takes a more common-sense view of the question. The Daily Advertiser says, "There was no difference of opinion among the members of the Committee in regard to the outrage, or the sufferings of the petitioners; but the minority believe, that to recognize the principle of indemnity in such cases, would open the door for an infinity of similar claims. The minority of the Committee are of opinion, that the liberality of the Commonwealth ought not to flow in the channel recommended by the majority. They do not accord in the opinion, that a gratuity should be given to redeem the lost honor of the Commonwealth. The majority state that the Government is not to blame in this matter; why, then, ask the minority, should it amerce itself in a pecuniary fine in consequence? If sins committed by individuals in Charlestown must be atoned for by the Commonwealth, the majority do not recommend a judicious course, when they propose that vengeance should be wreaked upon the lawgiver? Another consideration urged by the minority, is, the relation in which the Roman Catholic religion places those who profess it towards the Government. They believe that the recommendation of the majority interferes with the oath of allegiance prescribed by the Constitution, which declares that no allegiance shall be paid to a foreign potentate. When this part of the Report was read, Mr. Sturgis observed that this oath was no longer a part of the Constitution, but was abrogated by the amendments of 1820. The minority proceed to express their ideas of the power of the Pope, and his sacerdotal character, and of the dependent relation in which the Roman Catholics stand in regard to him; and ask whether such votaries can be properly affected towards a government which takes care only of their minor interests; whether it should be indifferent to us, that a foreign potentate moves, in our own community, a vast machine of interests adverse to ours? They ask, farther, why the Ursuline Community was pushed into the midst of our community, as if to bring reproach upon our own institutions of education? They deny the expediency of extending the hand of fellowship to tyrants,—that our land should be made an asylum for men of slavish principles. They conclude by recommending that no gratuity should be allowed to the petitioners."

## THE FACT SUBSTANTIATED.

The Protestant Vindicator, upon copying our article, "Popery in Boston," strikes upon the following conclusive argument;—we say *conclusive,* and we mean it seriously:—

It is proper to remark, that the narrative has been amply confirmed by the counter statement which has appeared in the Catholic Sentinel. The boy is grossly villified, and the facts are denied by the Editor of that paper and the Jesuit priest. We therefore inform the protestants of Boston and Lowell, &c., that the assertion of the Catholic Sentinel upon any thing connected with Popery, if they wish to ascertain the truth of any representation made by it respecting Popery, must be construed precisely contrary to the ordinary meaning of the words—and therefore setting aside the absurdity, not to say criminality, of balancing the evidence of the Zion's Herald and the Catholic Sentinel, we are thoroughly satisfied of the truth of the ensuing statement, because the Roman priest and his subordinate minion have endeavored to justify their offences by disgracing the youth's character.

Juvenile Concert.—The school of two hundred pupils under Mr. Mason's instruction, "discoursed most eloquent music" to a captivated audience, on Wednesday afternoon. The singing was remarkably correct. A repetition of this Concert, we think, is desirable.

Who does not see that the *New England Divinity* is the *stepping stone* to PERFECTION?—Dr. Wilson.

We do not, as we understand it.

African Sunday School.—We beg leave to invite the serious attention of the benevolent to this school. It numbers, we believe, about fifty scholars, but needs *teachers.* Will not those interested in its success offer themselves as laborers? There is at the present time a class of matrons, who come every Sabbath, hoping to find an instructor, but are disappointed. This is a pressing case; we hope our brethren and sisters will consider it seriously.

The school not only wants teachers, but *funds.* A large number of children might be introduced to the school, if they could be properly clothed. A few dollars would be of great advantage.

There are a few (females principally) who have continued faithfully and untiringly in the work. But we fear if they are not relieved, the school must ultimately be discontinued.

Mademoiselle Celeste is an actress who has been performing at the Tremont Theatre. The following we copy from a political paper in this city:—

"Mademoiselle Celeste last evening concluded one of the most brilliant and profitable engagements ever known in Boston. So great was the anxiety to attend her benefit, that numbers of persons remained at the doors of the Theatre, from Saturday night to Monday morning. All the boxes were sold at auction and commanded a premium of $250. It is stated on good authority that she has received for her services in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, the sum of eighteen thousand dollars for seventy-six nights' performances."

This lady (pardon us) this *woman* was imported from a foreign market. She is, consequently, as all foreigners are, "brilliant"—at least, so say the papers. We are told that she has introduced the immodesties of the French school of theatricals. That, however, with a large portion of theatre visitors is no serious objection. Indeed, from the crowds drawn to see her perform, one would think it a decided qualification.

But the Tremont is a "school of MORALS!"

Yes, and those who wish to become acquainted with the astonishing proficiency of the *pupils,* can learn it to the fullest extent, by passing near this splendid building any evening of performance. The scholars usually exhibit between 9 and 10 o'clock, after they have received the usual inspiration at the bar.

Dr. Beecher.—This gentleman took an early and decided stand in the cause of Temperance. His six Lectures delivered in the early part of the year 1827, on Intemperance, probably did more to awaken the people of this nation, to a sense of their danger, than every thing else combined. These Lectures have already passed through *ten* or *twelve* editions. To say nothing of the philanthropic spirit, the soul-stirring eloquence, and the glowing descriptions which pervade these lectures, there is a cogency of argument, a richness of language, and a grandeur of style, that will secure to them an enviable popularity, to the latest generation. We copy the following paragraphs. They do not need our praise.—B.

"But of all the ways to hell, which the feet of deluded mortals tread, that of the intemperate is the most dreary and terrific. The demand for artificial stimulus to supply the deficiencies of healthful aliment, is like the rage of thirst, and the ravenous demand of famine. It is famine: for the artificial excitement has become as essential now to strength and cheerfulness, as simple nutrition once was. But nature, taught by habit to require what once she did not need, demands gratification now with a decision inexorable as death, and to most men as irresistible. The denial is a living death. The stomach, the head, the heart, and arteries, and veins, and every muscle, and every nerve, feel the exhaustion, and the restless, unutterable wretchedness which puts out the light of life, and curtains the heavens, and carpets the earth with sackcloth. All these varieties of sinking nature, call upon the wretched man with trumpet tongue, to dispel this darkness, and raise the ebbing tide of life, by the application of the cause which produced these woes, and after a momentary alleviation will produce them again with deeper terrors, and more urgent importunity; for the repetition, at each time renders the darkness deeper, and the torments of self-denial more irresistible and intolerable."

"These sufferings, however, of animal nature, are not to be compared with the moral agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being who sins, and suffers; and as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and in anguish of spirit clanks his chains and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and as the gulf opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and 'seeks it yet again,'—again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and 'seeks it yet again!' Wretched man he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not; and lost! lost! may be inscribed upon the door posts of his dwelling.

"In the mean time these paroxysms of his dying moral nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on. His resolution fails, and his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprize; and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fulness and tenderness, and conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was once lovely and of good report, retires and leaves the wretch abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply as inclination to do so increases, and the power of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the straggling victim buffets the fiery wave with feebler stroke, and warning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears."

Our Affairs with France will probably be adjusted without difficulty. The French minister has left Washington, and it is reported that the President will despatch a frigate for Mr. Livingston.

Back Numbers.—We receive frequent orders from new subscribers for the Herald from the first of January, for the purpose of commencing with the Slavery discussion. Such orders, we regret to say, cannot be met. We will, however, forward as many back numbers as may be in our power. At the commencement of the year we printed a very large quantity of extra copies—enough, we supposed, to meet every demand that would be made—but not one number remains.

## THE WORK OF GOD.

Christians sometimes appear to regard the truth, that revivals of religion and the salvation of souls are the work of God, as a mere theory. They seem afraid to trust the work altogether to him—they must take it into their own hands. Though they would not for a moment question the necessity of divine agency, they yet have a secret reliance upon the means by which God usually executes his purposes of mercy. "The same cause," say they to themselves—hardly admitting, even to themselves, that they do say it,—"produces the same effect." Circumstances must all be in their view favorable; they must have ministers of a certain kind; the weather must be good, &c. If every thing is not just right, according to their judgments, they cannot have a revival. Now if revivals and the salvation of souls are not *really* the work of God, we ought not to suppose or say that they are; and if they are, we ought not to *act* as though they were not. The following passages are decisive proofs that the salvation of souls is not left to the wisdom or power of frail erring man, or to the weather, or houses, or other conveniences:

"I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth, any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."—1 Cor. iii. 6, 7. "For we are laborers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building."—Ver. 9. If we are laborers with God, let us be careful that we do labor *with* God.

"No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me, draw him."—John, vi. 44.

"And the hand of the Lord was with them [the men of Cyprus who preached the gospel at Antioch] and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord."—Acts, xi. 21.

"They [Paul and Barnabas] rehearsed all that God had done with them," &c.—Ib. xiv. 27.

"And when he [Paul] had saluted them, he declared particularly what things God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry."—Ib. xxi. 19.

"And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."—Ib. ii. 47.

Many more passages, which declare the same truth, might be selected; but these are enough; and we hope that the reader will stop here a moment and consider whether his belief, that the salvation of souls is the work of God, is a *practical* faith—whether it influences his *feelings* and his *acts.* Let us now make some reflections upon the subject.

1. If the salvation of our fellow beings is the work of God, we are reduced to the necessity of looking to him alone to do the work. Let us then, instead of depending upon ministers, or efficient members, or convenient circumstances, pray fervently, perseveringly, and believingly, to him who has all these in his hand, to perform that which he alone can perform.

2. We should be careful not to *employ ourselves* in the work, or undertake it as instruments without asking counsel of God.

3. We should not be *anxious* about it as though it were our own work. Intensity of desire is perfectly consistent with faith, but anxiety is altogether incompatible with a believing dependence on God.

4. As God works by human instrumentality, we should, as we value the souls of men, fear to hold back when God presents us with any thing to do in his cause; and we should look about us and inquire, with a sincere prayer for divine direction, what part of the instrumentality devolves upon us. If we are cold, and not prepared for the will of God, we should tremble, and never rest till the dying flame is rekindled in our hearts. If we are unsanctified, and fear that our unholiness will mar the work,—as it will,—let us seek earnestly for redemption from all sin.

Brethren, let us carry these principles into the whole work of God;—the missionary cause, protracted meetings, the sanctification of our churches, Sabbath schools, the various moral enterprizes of this day of activity in the cause of Christ; and may we have such faith in God and such a preparation and zeal for his cause as that our world of sin and misery may speedily be redeemed.—N.

☞ Brother Sunderland will understand, after having perused this week's Herald, why we do not publish his first article. The one subsequently received will appear in due season.

## Chapter of News.

On Saturday afternoon, 21st ult., a house in Ann street, occupied by several Irish families, took fire. One of the occupants was so badly burnt that she has since died.

On Monday night, 23d ult., fire was discovered in a building owned and occupied by Mr. D. Buckman, in the west part of Medford. It was entirely consumed.

A cabinet maker's shop, owned by Mr. Myers, and occupied by Mr. Belcher of Milton, took fire on Thursday night, 19th ult., and was entirely consumed, together with the stock and tools.

The Boston and Worcester Rail Road, it is expected, will be ready for use the whole distance, in July next.

On Thursday last, about 12 o'clock, four men were killed and eight others shockingly mangled, while excavating for the Boston and Worcester Rail Road, at the Big Ledge in Worcester, about a mile this side of the village. A charge had been let off, and the workmen, supposing it to be entirely spent, approached the spot to resume their labor, when a second explosion took place, of which the above is the unhappy result.—The trunk of one man, entirely divested of its limbs, was thrown several rods from the spot into a large oak tree, forty feet from the ground, where it lodged; and the body of another was thrown entirely over the same tree. All the sufferers were Irish, with a single exception,—a brother of Mr. John Ellis, the contractor, who was instantly killed.

The Massachusetts Legislature has fixed upon the 2d of next September for the commencement of an extra session. This is for the purpose of passing upon the Revised Statutes—a most important subject.

Intelligence has been received of the death of Rev. Henry Woodward, American missionary to Ceylon.

A man named Stewart committed suicide in Pittsburgh last week in consequence of pecuniary loss. A young Englishman in the same city, was found dead in his bed in the morning. He had been taken to his chamber in a state of intoxication.

A public meeting was recently held at Springfield, for the purpose of considering the expediency of continuing the Worcester Rail Road to that town, at which it was voted to call a Convention at Worcester, on the 5th of March (to-morrow), to act upon the subject.

The Editor of the Boston Transcript was last week tried before the Supreme Court at Dedham, for a libel on John M. Hanscomb. Damages were laid at $5500, and the plaintiff recovered $46!

It is said that a man residing in Cincinnati has accumulated one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in three years, by peddling wooden clocks throughout the south-western country.

A lady in Philadelphia nearly lost her life, a few weeks since, by having a charcoal fire kindled in a room where she was quilting.

The "Sailor's Snug Harbor," a benevolent institution in New York for the relief of seamen, has a fund of $102,759 38. There are in the Snug Harbor fifty-four aged and disabled seamen, who are entitled to support, and the doors are opened to further applicants. These aged men are plentifully fed, comfortably clothed, and supplied with every thing requisite to soothe their declining years.

A man by the name of Samuel T. Elgar was frozen to death at Moulton, Ala., on the night of the 21st of Jan.

The New York American states that one single Insurance Company has insurance on property afloat, to the amount of twenty millions of dollars! two-thirds of which, at least, in the event of instant hostilities with France, would be captured or destroyed.

A fire broke out at No. 380 Water street, New York, on Saturday morning, 21st ult., and destroyed five or six buildings.

On the 8th ult., at Frankfort, Ky., Samuel Q. Richardson, Esq., was shot through the body by John U. Warning. The act was a termination of a personal altercation in which the parties had been engaged.

At the Lowell Police Court, a person named John Nickless was lately tried on a complaint of selling wood at short measure, (he having sold eight feet for twelve!) and judgment rendered against him, that he should forfeit the wood and pay the costs of Court.

From a statement in the African Repository, it appears that the whole number of colored emigrants who have been conveyed to Liberia under the auspices of the Colonization Society, since its formation, is 2886.

Mrs. Mary Pierce, aged 37 years, daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Dickinson, of New Hartford, Oneida county, died of hydrophobia a week or two since. She was bitten on the 15th of December last, by a small dog belonging to her father, which was not considered rabid.

An extra session of Congress, in consequence of the affairs with the French, is confidently talked of. If so, it will meet again in June or July.

The Natchez Courier of the 23d ult. states that a hurricane passed over the town of Liberty, on the night of the 14th inst., which prostrated almost every thing in its path, and that several very valuable lives were lost.

Three men employed on the Lexington (Ky.) Rail Road, were lately burnt to death. They occupied a house in common with ten others, who made their escape.

The dwelling house of Rev. J. Mairs, at Galway, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on Saturday night, 21st ult.

The Portland Advertiser says the "colored school" in that place has been discontinued, the number of scholars attending having gradually diminished to *one.*

Dr. Samuel S. Pool, of Elizabeth city, N. C., while skating on Little River, last week, was suddenly precipitated into a hole through the ice, and before assistance could be rendered him, sunk to rise no more. His body was recovered the next day and interred. Dr. P. was quite a young man, amiable and affable in his manners, and for several years a member of the Methodist Church.

William Green, a mulatto man, was tried and sentenced to be hung for murder, at New Orleans, on the 31st of January. On being sentenced, he very politely returned thanks to the Court before whom he was tried!

The large Presbyterian church at Mendham, near Morristown, N. J., was burnt to the ground a few days since, from a barrel of ashes left standing in a corner of the building. The house cost ten thousand dollars, and there was no insurance on it.

Two *constables* of Baltimore, named Weed and Adams, have been convicted of participating in robbing a store in that city, and sentenced to the penitentiary,—Weed for 7 and Adams for 6 years.

The Union Hotel at Montpelier, Vt., occupied by Mrs. Mann, was totally consumed by fire on the 1st ult. The adjoining buildings were in danger, and were preserved with much difficulty.

A cotton factory in Warwick, belonging to Mr. John Allen, was on the morning of the 11th ult., together with nearly all its contents, destroyed by fire. Loss $6,000; insurance $4,500.

A man named Peter Crines, of Minisink, murdered his wife, lately, in a manner more atrocious than is generally recorded in the history of crime. He came home drunk, sent one of his children for a whip, and beat his wife with it until it was worn out, and then went for more himself, and continued beating her till he had worn out *seven whips;* he then stamped upon her, threw her into the fire and dragged her out again, until she became senseless. The woman, after other enormities, died. She was the daughter of a respectable inhabitant of Minisink, and the mother of five children. The monster who perpetrated this abominable act is, we are glad to hear, in Goshen Jail.

James Ring, in a drunken frolic at Murcusburg, Penn., killed a man named McLullin, and is now in prison. So much for the influence of the "*old sarpent.*"

A letter received last week from a respectable Polish emigrant, at New Orleans, states that about twenty of his countrymen, not meeting with any means of support, and totally without funds, departed from New Orleans for Mexico, by land, through the Texas country. Having no guide, or knowledge of the wilderness route, they became utterly lost, when they were fiercely attacked by a numerous body of Indians. The Poles had but few guns, but maintained a long and bloody conflict, until they killed a large number of their enemy. They suffered severely, however, having had two of their number slain, and the remainder wounded. Only one Pole was able to reach New Orleans.

There is one feature in the Mexican laws which we should be glad to see adopted in all parts of the world where duelling prevails. It is that if a person kills another in a duel, he becomes responsible for all the debts of the deceased.

In France, recently, a powerful young man attempted the following feat, to settle a wager: With the aid of a rope he raised with his teeth a cask of cider containing 47 gallons, and carried it, without stopping, across a yard of considerable extent. When, however, he had put down his burden, he was incapable of shutting his mouth, and in a few days died.

The gambling houses of Paris yield to the government £220,000 per annum, and near four times that sum to the keepers.

France has declared that if a single Dutch regiment invades Belgium, Holland shall be invaded by a French army.

A physician was lately fined 600 francs at Paris for administering by mistake to a child, which caused its death, acetate of morphine for sulphate of quinine.

The field of battle at Waterloo, after a lapse of nineteen years, is remarkable for its extreme fertility and the dark, rank color of its rich crops of grain, nurtured by human gore!

Great Fire at Charleston, S. C.—This city, which has for some time been exempt from fires of any great magnitude, was visited on the morning of Feb. 15th, between one and two o'clock, by a destructive conflagration, which raged for three or four hours, laying in ruins upwards of fifty houses, and the most venerable and time-worn of our churches. The fire originated in a wooden building kept as a sailor's boarding house, at the corner of State and Lingard streets, and the wind swept the flames with desolating fury over the mass of buildings to the south-west. The houses destroyed were mostly of small value, and occupied by persons in moderate circumstances, and many of them by persons of color. The amount of insurance on the property destroyed is variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand dollars. Many of the sufferers, doubtless, are uninsured.

The most striking feature in this calamity is the destruction of St. Philip's Church. This venerable structure, which has for one hundred and twelve years towered among us in all the solemnity and noble proportions of antique architecture—constituting a hallowed link between the past and the present—with its monumental memorials of the beloved and honored dead, and its splendid organ, (which cost $4500) is now a smoking ruin. Although widely separated from the burning houses by a burial ground, the upper part of the steeple, the only portion of it externally composed of wood, took fire from the sparks which fell upon it in great quantities. It is much to be regretted that preventive measures were not taken in season to save this noble and consecrated edifice. The flame slowly descended, and wreathed the steeple—constituting a magnificent though melancholy spectacle, and forming literally a pillar of fire—and finally wrapped the whole body of the church in its enlarged volume. The burning of the body of the church was the closing scene of the catastrophe. Twice before had this church escaped when surrounded by fire. In 1796 it was preserved by a negro man, who ascended it, and was rewarded with his freedom, for his perilous exertions; and again in 1810, it narrowly escaped the destructive fire of that year, which commenced in the house adjoining the church yard, on the north.

The remains of the steeple, and the front of the portico of the church fell into and blocked up the street to the west, about nine o'clock, and apprehensions are entertained that one or more persons are buried under it.

## MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

☞ The Missionary Meetings appointed to be held in the following places in the paper of last week, will be postponed a week, and held as follows. The preachers will please not to forget to advertise a collection to aid the Missionary Education Society.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Provincetown, | Sunday, | March | 15. |
| Truro, South, | Monday, | " | 16. |
| Eastham, | Tuesday, | " | 17. |
| Barnstable, | Wednesday, | " | 18. |
| Falmouth, | Thursday, | " | 19. |
| Head of the River, | Saturday, | " | 21. |
| New Bedford, Elm Street, | Sunday, | " | 22. |
| *Nantucket, | Sunday, | " | 29. |
| *Martha's Vineyard, | Sunday, | April | 5. |
| New Bedford, | Sunday, | " | 12. |
| Fairhaven, | Tuesday, | " | 14. |
| Abington, | Thursday, | " | 16. |
| Boston, Bennet Street, | Sunday, | " | 19. |

* The brethren stationed on these islands will please make such arrangements for me to preach in the different Methodist churches, as will best accommodate themselves and consist with the above routine. Yours, &c.

C. K. True, *Agent Miss. Ed. Society.*

## PAYMENTS FOR THE HERALD

*Received from the 23d ult. to the 2d inst.*

E. Chase, I. H. Olmstead, J. Hoar, J. Kelley, W. Carr, J. Ewins, E. Little, I. Hale, E. W. Jenness, M. Gordon, W. Arnold, T. Whitmarsh, D. Mansfield, O. Swain, J. Coney, J. Howard, B. Homan, J. Gale and A. Edgely, $2 each.

M. Whitney, $1.50——E. H. Sherman, $1——W. Doe and G. R. Lawless, $2.50 each——J. J. Merrill, H. Eldredge, M. Saunders, F. Bradley and R. Gardner, $1 each ——H. Rogers, 87 cents——S. Goldsmith, 62 cents—— F. Cheney, 60 cents——S. Swasy, 33 cents.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

D. S. King—J. Porter (wrote you last Wednesday)—D. K. Banister—S. Kelly—C. Granger—S. Norris—W. R. Stone (we have credited N. Munroe to July next)—W. Wilbur—I. Washburn—Secretary B. Y. M. U. Institute (with pleasure)—P. Hawks—E. H. Sherman (thank you, yes)—S. Prescott (our mistake)—A. Pinney—J. Bailey (yes)—S. Palmer—S. Cushing—G. Putnam (it will do as well at Conference)—R. S.

## Married.

In this city, Mr. Henry W. Pickering to Miss Frances D. Goddard.

In Lynnfield, Feb. 19th, by Rev. John Bayley, Mr. Ebenezer T. Abbot, of Reading (North Parish), to Miss Ruth Hewes of Lynnfield.

In E. Salisbury, by Rev. S. Norris, Mr. Christopher E. Dow, of Seabrook, to Miss Rachel E. French, of East Salisbury.

In Lunenburg, Mr. Luther Parker, of Townsend, to Miss Susan Emery of L.

In Ware, Feb. 25, by Rev. S. Palmer, Mr. John P. Marsh to Miss Mary Harwood.

By the Rev. Elijah Mason, Rev. Obed Sperry to Miss Amilla Wright, of Winchester, N. H.

In Newfield, by Rev. Ansil Gerish, Rev. Francis Massuere, member of the Maine Annual Conference, to Miss Almira Dayton.

## Died.

In this city, on Wednesday last, Henry Maffitt Harrington, 2½ years.

Sweet babe, we mourn that one so fair,
So gentle, lovely, and so loved,
The object of our hopes and care,
From our embrace should be removed.

But while we mourn, we kiss the rod,
And bow beneath the stroke severe;
For thou art kind and good, O God,
And in thy judgments, thou art near.

We give our infant child to Thee,
And joy, that in the world above,
From every pain it shall be free,
And dwell where all is peace and love.

In Cambridgeport, Feb. 16, Stephen Andrew Lovell, infant child of Rev. Stephen Lovell, 11 months.

In Dorchester, Mr. James Tolman, 67.

In Salem, Mrs. Lydia, wife of Capt. Ichabod Nichols, aged 82.

In Sandwich, Mrs. Elizabeth Raymond, 42.

In Amesbury, Mr. Wm. Huntington, a revolutionary soldier, 81.

In West Amesbury, Feb. 10th, Abigail Sanborn, only child of Mr. Ira and Mrs. Hannah Clough, 13 months.

In Rochester, N. H., Mr. Benj. Rollins, 80 years, for many years a member of the M. E. Church. The first Methodist meeting ever held in Rochester, was at his house. He was a deeply pious and useful man.

In Leicester, Capt. Knight Sprague, 95. He was a soldier in the French war, and was in Fort William Henry, at the time of its surrender, in 1757. The garrison, consisting of Americans and English, was promised safety and an unmolested departure—but no sooner had they got well out of the fort, than the Indians connected with Gen. Montcalm's army rushed upon them and began to strip and kill them. Sprague barely escaped by great exertions, after losing part of his clothes.

## Ship News.

### PORT OF BOSTON.

Monday, Feb. 23.

*Arrived,* schrs. Jasper, and Exeter, Portland; Conclusion, Gloucester; Nun, Newburyport; Young Tell, Dover; December, Kingston.—Sloops Reform, Duxbury; Jackson, Salem.

*Cleared,* ship Hewes, Thomaston.—Brig Eliza Ann, Cape Haytien.—Sloop Packet, Salem.

Tuesday, Feb. 24.

*Arrived,* ship Delphos, Leghorn 15th and Gibraltar 28th Jan.—Brig Massasoit, Marseilles Dec. 24 and Ivica 15th Jan.—Schrs. Boston, Bath; Paragon, and Lion, Portland; Eagle, Wiscasset; Caty & Sally, York; Congress, Saco; Rambler, and Merchant, Portsmouth; Cordelia, Dover.

*Cleared,* brig Waverly, Havana—Schr. Emeline, Wareham.—Sloop Atalanta, Plymouth.

Wednesday, Feb. 25.

*Arrived,* schr. Volant, Thomaston.

*Cleared,* brigs Adriatic, St. Thomas; Attention, Jeremie; Juan, Trinidad de Cuba.—Schrs. Esquimaux, Jeremie; Satellite, Dover; Echo, Saco; Comet, Bath.—Sloop Thetis, Plymouth.

Thursday, Feb. 26.

*Arrived,* bark Irene, Newburyport.—Brig Atlas, Matanzas 11th Feb.—Schrs. Mary, New Bedford; Sarah Ann, Salem.

*Cleared,* bark Jones, Honduras.—Brig Emeline, Laguira.—Schrs. Norway, Somerset.

Friday, Feb. 27.

*Arrived,* sloops Gipsey, Wareham; Express, Salem.

*Cleared,* brig Watchman, Havana.

Saturday, Feb. 28.

No vessels *Arrived.*

*Cleared,* ship Roscius, Havana.—Brigs Falco, Surinam; Cervantes, Liverpool.—Schrs. Despatch, Wells; Augusta Jane, Portsmouth; Union, and Brilliant, Newburyport; Cordelia, Dover.—Sloop Pomona, New Bedford.

Sunday, March 1.

*Arrived,* schrs. Boundary, Eastport; Ellen, Sheepscot River; Julia & Laura, Beverly.

### SHIPWRECKS, &c.

Schr. Virginia, abandoned, both masts standing, was seen in lat. 37, long. 72—had 150 brls. flour on deck, and appeared to have no water in her.

Schr. Francis, of Stonington, arrived at New York 22d ult. from an unsuccessful cruise of 8 days, (4 a thick fog,) in search of the Virginia.

Brig Forest, of Portland, which sailed from Havana for Rosario Jan. 25, to finish loading for Portland, was lost at Carvalhos 4 or 5 days after; she had 68 hhds. molasses on board, which with her sails and rigging were saved.

Schr. Hope, J. M. Johnson, of and from Portsmouth Dec. 22 for Key West, with lime, boards, butter, soap, &c. was crippled by bad weather, and abandoned with 3 feet water in her hold, about 100 miles W. of Bermuda, Jan. 1st—capt. J. and five seamen, nearly exhausted, going on board the Standard, Capt. Burrows. The only article saved was the jolly boat. On their landing at Mangrove Key, they were supplied with food and clothing, by Mr. J. A. M. Gilbert, the agent.

Schr. Champion, arrived at Norfolk 19th ult. from Provincetown 8 days, having caught 4000 codfish on the way.

Schr. Spartan, Benj. Hamilton, of and from Plymouth for Charleston, S. C. put into Ocracoke 27th Jan., having been capsized in a gale 8th or 10th, lost both jibs and broke two of the deck beams, causing her to leak 600 strokes an hour; she righted immediately, and they were obliged to throw overboard 300 kegs nails to lighten her. The rest of the cargo was sold at 1¾c per lb.

The wreck of a vessel, supposed a brig of 200 tons, was fallen in with Feb. 11, in lat. 37, long. 70, dismasted, and full of water; her quarters and davits were painted green, had bright waist, and appeared to have been in that situation but a short time—no person on board.

## Boston Prices Current.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Apples, russetts, per bbl. | from $2 50 | to 3.00 |
| Beans, white, per bushel, | 1 75 | 2.25 |
| Beef, mess, bbl | 10.25 | 10.50 |
| cargo, No. 1, | 8 00 | 8.75 |
| prime, | 6 75 | 7.00 |
| Beeswax, American, lb. | 20 | 23 |
| Butter, inspected, No. 1, lb. | 14 | 17 |
| Cheese, new milk, lb. | 8 | 9 |
| skimmed milk, | 3½ | 6 |
| Feathers, northern, geese, lb. | 40 | 45 |
| southern, geese, | 35 | 38 |
| Fish, Cod, per quintal, | 2.10 | 2.12 |
| Herring, scale, per box, | 50 | 50 |
| Dry salted, per bbl. | 2.50 | 2.50 |
| Pickled and Alewives, | —.— | 3.00 |
| Mackerel, No. 1, | 6.00 | 6.10 |
| do. No. 2, | 5 20 | 5.40 |
| do. No. 3, | 4.37 | 5.00 |
| Salmon, | 10.00 | 15.00 |
| Shad, | 5.00 | 6.00 |
| Flax, American, lb. | 9 | 10 |
| Flaxseed, bushel, | 1.25 | 1.37 |
| Flour, Genesee, bbl. | 5.56 | 5 62 |
| Baltimore, Howard street, | 5.37 | 5.50 |
| Baltimore, wharf, | 5 50 | 5.62 |
| Alexandria, | 5.25 | 5.75 |
| Grain, Corn, northern yellow, per bushel, | 68 | 70 |
| southern yellow, | 65 | 68 |
| white, | 67 | 68 |
| Rye, northern, | 83 | 85 |
| Barley, | 63 | 66 |
| Oats, northern, (prime) | 46 | 47 |
| Hay, best English, ton, | 17 00 | 20 00 |
| Eastern screwed, | 13.00 | 15.00 |
| Hard pressed, | 14.00 | 16.00 |
| Honey, gallon, | 37 | 42 |
| Hops, 1st quality, (new) lb. | 11 | 12 |
| 2d quality, | 10 | 11 |
| Lard, Boston, 1st sort, lb. | 9 | — |
| Southern 1st sort, | 7 | 8½ |
| Leather, slaughter, sole, lb. | 19 | 20 |
| do. upper, | 10 | 12 |
| Dry Hide, sole, | 16 | 18 |
| do. upper, | 18 | 20 |
| Philadelphia, sole, | 27 | 30 |
| Baltimore, sole, | 25 | 27 |
| Lime, best sort, cask, | 75 | 1.00 |
| Pork, Mass., inspection, extra clear, bbl. | 17 00 | 18.00 |
| Navy, mess, | —.— | 16 00 |
| Bone, middlings, | 8.00 | 8.58 |
| Salt, Turks Island, | 2.25 | 2.50 |
| St. Ubes, | 2.12 | 2.25 |
| Cadiz, | 2.12 | 2 25 |
| Lisbon, | 2.12 | 2 37 |
| Liverpool, coarse, bag, | 1 40 | 1.46 |
| do. fine blown, | 1.45 | 1 50 |
| Seeds, Herd's Grass, (new) bushel, | 2 25 | 2.50 |
| Red Top, northern, bushel, | 75 | 87 |
| Red Clover, northern, lb. | 8 | 10 |
| White Dutch Honeysuckle, lb. | 25 | 31 |
| Tallow, tried, cwt. | 7.50 | 8 00 |
| Wool, prime or Saxony Fleeces, lb. | 60 | 65 |
| American, full blood, washed, | 50 | 58 |
| American, ¾ washed, | 45 | 50 |
| American, ½ washed, | 38 | 42 |
| American, ¼ washed, | 32 | 36 |
| Native washed, | 38 | 40 |
| Northern pulled. Pulled superfine, | 50 | 55 |
| 1st Lambs, | 40 | 44 |
| 2d Lambs, | 30 | 32 |
| 3d Lambs, | 23 | 25 |
| 1st spinning, | 35 | 40 |

Southern pulled wool is generally 5 cents less per lb.

### PROVISION MARKET.

RETAIL PRICES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Butter, tub, lb. | 10 | 12 |
| lump, | 14 | 17 |
| Cider, new, bbl. | 2.75 | 3.00 |
| Hams, northern, lb. | 11 | 12 |
| Southern, | 8 | 9 |
| Eggs, dozen, | 18 | 20 |
| Pork, whole hogs, lb. | 6 | 7 |
| Potatoes, bushel, | 37 | 50 |
| Poultry, lb. | 10 | 12 |

[*N. E. Farmer.*

[From the Daily Advertiser and Patriot.]

BRIGHTON MARKET.—Monday, Feb. 23, 1835.

At market 573 beef cattle, 10 cows and calves, 870 sheep, and 275 swine.

Prices. *Beef Cattle.*—Last week's prices were not supported, particularly on middling qualities; three or four yoke, extraordinary fine, something over 34*s* 6*d*, and a very few at 34*s* 6*d*; we quote prime at 31*s* 6*d*, *a* 33*s* 9*d*; good at 30*s* 6*d*; thin at 25 *a* 28*s* 6*d*.

*Cows and Calves.*—Sales—$17, 22 and 25.

*Sheep.*—Lots, stall fed, were taken at 24, 27, 30, 32, 36, and a few at 42*s*.

*Swine.*—All at market were taken in one entire lot at about 5¼; no small lots sold. At retail, most of which were small, 6 cents for sows, and 7 for barrows.


## NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between us, under the firm of Skinner & Tothill, was dissolved 22d Jan. last, by mutual consent. The business of the firm will be settled by N. K. SKINNER, at their late place of business.

NOAH K. SKINNER,
WILLIAM TOTHILL.

*Feb.* 10, 1835.

COPARTNERSHIP FORMED. The subscribers have formed a Copartnership, to take effect from 22d Jan. last, under the firm of Skinner & True, and have taken the store corner of Merchants' Row and South Market Street, occupied by the late firm, where the Tailoring business will be carried on as heretofore.

NOAH K SKINNER,
WM. M. TRUE.

*Feb.* 10, 1835. 3t

## SINGING BOOKS.

THE Choir, Ancient Lyre, Methodist Harmonist Church Harmony, Bridgewater and Handel and Haydn Collections, &c. for sale by the dozen or single by DAVID H. ELA.

## *Poetry.*

THE EARTH.

A valley broad, that shaded
  By storm, and mist, and night,
Whose flowers soon are faded,
  By some untimely blight;
Where youthful hearts are aching
  With pains of frame or mind,
Where older men are shaking,
  Like winter leaves in wind;
Till, having measured out their days
  In folly, shame, or pride,
An epitaph doth speak their praise,—
  Their deaths,—to whom allied.

THE GRAVE.

Rest hath made her dwelling here,
Though the living call it drear—
Beauty, youth, and wisdom meet
In this bleak and low retreat.
Generations without end,
Here in silent ashes blend,
As the sands upon the shore.
Here they lie for evermore,
Waiting the life-giving call
That suddenly shall break death's thrall.

HEAVEN.

Where flesh and blood hath never been;
Where mortal eye hath never seen;
A mental sphere; a flood of life;
Where the crown of eternal life's placed on,
And the righteous kneel around their Father's throne,
Singing their songs of praise and bliss;—
O for a flight to a sphere like this!

HELL.

A hopeless gulf of ruin and dismay,
Where rage and darkness never pass away;
In which lost spirits writhe, God's curse beneath,
Bound with the chains of everlasting death.

THOMAS CAMBRIA JONES.

## *Biographical.*

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

### MRS. CLARISSA GROUT

Died in Pelham, Mass., Aug. 31, 1834, in the 31st year of her age. She was the daughter of Mr. Milla Hall, and consort of Mr. Rufus Grout.

Sister Grout was brought to renounce the vanities of the world in the 18th year of her age, under the labors of Rev. I. Stoddard, while residing in Cumberland, R. I. From the time of her conversion she manifested to the world in her deportment that she possessed an unearthly treasure; although in consequence of being deprived of the means of grace among the people of her choice, her enjoyment was somewhat limited. In the year 1830 she had an opportunity to hear her spiritual father, whom she invited to preach in Pelham, and thus opened the way for Methodist preaching to be introduced in this town, where a church was soon established. Sister Grout labored with assiduity for the salvation of her relatives and neighbors, and she did not labor in vain. Her interest appeared to be identified with that of the Church, and its prosperity gave her much joy. The degree of holiness she possessed, together with rare natural endowments, qualified her for efficient service to the Church. For a godly walk and conversation, and uniform consistency of character, she is seldom equalled. Hers was emphatically the religion of the heart, and it sustained her amidst the most trying scenes. Her counsel was valued, and sought by many. Although several months have elapsed since her decease, she still lives in the memory of many to whom she was a mother in Israel. She continued thus to shine as a light in the world and an ornament to the Church, till her last illness, which, although protracted and painful, she bore with commendable patience and submission to the divine will. As her life was that of the righteous, her end was peaceful and happy. She was the first Methodist that had a permanent residence in the town, and she has been called first to her reward. But while her remains are returning to their native dust, her spirit has gone where pain and sickness never enter, there to welcome those over whose conversion she rejoiced upon earth.

WM. GORDON.

*Pelham, Mass., Feb. 7, 1835.*

### INSANE FEMALES.

Baron Pisani, Director of the Insane Hospital at Palermo, says women are vastly more difficult to manage than men, of which, says a visitor, we had an immediate proof in passing through the female apartment. The room was spacious and airy, the inmates chiefly employed in preparing and spinning flax. One among them was in a dreadful paroxysm of rage and frenzy at some imaginary affront. She had a natural deformity of the head. Her forehead was nearly twice the natural height, and so was the top of her head. Her eyes were large and dark. Her person spare and of the middle size. Her appearance was frightful, and she had a terrible tongue, which on such occasions nothing could quiet. She went on with loud volubility, scolding in *alta voce* at those who offended her, and was not even restrained this time in the slightest degree, by the presence or remonstrance of the Baron.

Those who were at work seemed alarmed and ashamed of their noisy companion, and several of them begged her to be quit and behave better. The nurse and a little girl of about twelve or thirteen, one of the assistants, of great beauty and intelligence, stood beside the maniac, as she made the house ring with her terrifying denunciations. The nurse and little girl were trying to pacify her—she refused to hear them, and even the mild voice of the Baron was for a while disregarded. The little girl patted her cheeks—put her hand gently over her mouth: she struggled to get her mouth free. The little girl kissed her on the cheek—she continued to bawl with a voice scarcely human. Her little friend would catch her by the nose, and again put her arm gently round her neck and kiss her; and after keeping up this badinage for about five minutes, laughing and talking kindly to her all the time, the maniac became more tranquil—the fierceness left her face, and she began to smile and then to laugh, but soon became as bad nearly as ever. The Baron told her she must go to the Camicia. To this she objected and became more quiet. He then offered her his arm, which she put her hand in, and went along with him, still scolding and complaining, but in a moderated tone. Having arrived at the swimming hammock, a strong man lifted her in, where she was laced tight, so as to prevent any motion of her arms and legs. Her head was wet with cold water; she was given some to drink; the little girl and nurse threw some in her face, and swung her a good while from side to side. It seemed to affect her head; she rolled her eyes and was silent. In a few minutes she was entirely quiet; the little girl again patted her cheek and kissed it. We left her and walked round the garden. After a while we returned and took a seat under the shade. While there the woman approached us, and I could see the little girl telling her that she must make friends with her benefactor. She accordingly came up behind the Baron in a fine humor, and laughingly put her arms round his neck and kissed his cheek, appearing to feel contrition for her former conduct. He turned his head and smiled on her with great tenderness, as if nothing had happened, but said nothing to her, and she went away with her attendants to the apartment they had left.

### EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

While on service in Piedmont, I was detached with a body of dragoons into the woods that skirt the vale of Sesia, to prevent the smuggling that went on there. Upon arriving at night in that wild and desolate track, I perceived among the trees the ruins of an old chateau, which I entered. To my great surprise, it was inhabited. I found within it a nobleman of the country. He was a person of inauspicious appearance, about six feet high, and forty years of age. He gruffly supplied me with a couple of rooms. My billetting officers and I amused ourselves there with music. After a few days we discovered that this man had a female in his custody, whom we laughingly called Camilla. We were far from suspecting the horrid truth. In about six weeks she died. I felt an impulse of melancholy curiosity to see her in her coffin. I gave a gratuity to the monk who had charge of her remains; and towards midnight, under the pretext of sprinkling holy water, he introduced me into the chapel where she lay. I found there one of those magnificent figures which continue beautiful in the bosom of death. She had a large aqualine nose, whose contour, so expressive at once of elevation and tenderness, I never can forget. I quitted the mournful spot. Five years after, being with a detachment of my regiment that escorted the emperor when he went to be crowned King of Italy, I contrived to learn the whole story. I was told that the jealous husband, Count ——, had found attached to his wife's bed an English watch, the property of a young man of the town in which they resided. On that day he carried her off to his chateau, in the midst of the woods of Sesia. He uttered not a syllable, but in answer to all her entreaties, he coldly and silently showed her the English watch, which he always kept about his person. He thus passed nearly three years with her. At length she died of a broken heart, in the flower of her age.

The husband made an attempt to stab the owner of the watch, missed him, fled to Genoa, threw himself on board a ship, and has never since been heard of.

[From the "Last Days of Pompeii."]

### THE WIDOW'S SON.

Restless and anxious, Apæcides consumed the day in walking through the most sequestered walks in the vicinity of the city. The sun was slowly setting as he paused beside a lonely part of the Sarnas, ere yet it wound amid the evidences of luxury and power. Only through openings in the woods and vines were caught glimpses of the white and gleaming city, in which was heard in the distance no din—no sound—nor "busiest hum of men." Amid the green banks crept the lizard and the grasshopper, and here and there in the brake some solitary bird broke into sudden song, as suddenly stilled. There was a deep calm around, but not the calm of night; the air still breathed of the freshness and life of day; the grass still moved to the stir of the insect horde; and on the opposite bank the graceful and white capella passed browsing through the herbage, and paused at the wave to drink.

As Apæcides stood musingly gazing upon the waters, he heard beside him the low bark of a dog.

"Be still, poor friend," said a voice at hand; "the stranger's step harms not thy master." The convert recognized the voice, and turning, he beheld the mysterious old man whom he had seen in the congregation of the Nazarenes.

The old man was sitting upon a fragment of stone covered with ancient mosses; beside him were his staff and scrip; at his feet lay a small shagged dog, the companion in how many a pilgrimage, perilous and strange!

The face of the old man was as balm to the excited spirit of the neophyte: he approached, and craving his blessing, sat down beside him.

"Thou art provided as for a journey, father," said he; "wilt thou leave us yet?"

"My son," replied the old man, "the days left to me on earth are few and scanty; I employ them as becomes me, travelling from place to place, comforting those whom God has gathered together in his name, and proclaiming the glory of the Son, as testified to his servant."

"Thou hast looked, they tell me, on the face of Christ?"

"And the face revived me from the dead: know, young proselyte to the true faith, that I am he of whom thou readest in the scroll of the apostle. In the far Judea and in the city of Nain, there dwelt a widow, humble of spirit and sad of heart, for of all the ties of life one son alone was spared to her. And she loved him with a melancholy love, for he was the likeness of the lost. And the son died. The reed on which she leaned was broken, the oil was dried up in the widow's cruise. They bore the dead upon his bier, and near the gate of the city, when the crowd were gathered, there came a silence over the sounds of wo, for the Son of God was passing by! The mother, who followed the bier, wept not noisily, but all who looked upon her saw that her heart was crushed. And the Lord pitied her, and he touched the bier, and said, 'I SAY UNTO THEE, ARISE!' And the dead man woke and looked upon the face of the Lord. Oh! that calm and solemn brow! that unutterable smile!—that care-worn and sorrowful face, lighted up with God's benignity! it chased away the shadows of the grave! I rose, I spoke—I was living and in my mother's arms; yes, I am the dead revived! The people shouted; the funeral horns rang forth merrily; there was a cry, 'God has visited his people!' I heard them not; I felt, I saw nothing but the face of the Redeemer."

The old man paused, deeply moved; and the youth felt his blood creep and his hair stir. He was in the presence of one who had known the mystery of death.

"Till that time," renewed the widow's son, "I had been as other men, thoughtless, not abandoned; taking no heed but of the things of love and life; nay, I had inclined to the gloomy faith of the earthly Sadducee! But raised from the dead, from awful and desert dreams, that these lips never dare reveal—recalled upon earth to testify the powers of heaven—once more mortal, the witness of immortality; I drew a new being from the grave. Oh, fated—oh, lost Jerusalem! Him from whom came my life, I beheld adjudged to the agonized and parching death! Far in the mighty crowd I saw the light rest and glimmer over the cross; I heard the hooting mob—I cried aloud—I raved—I threatened; none heeded me; I was lost in the whirl and the roar of thousands! But even then, in my agony and his own, methought the glaring eye of the Son of Man sought me out—His lip smiled, as when it conquered death—it hushed me, and I became calm. He who defied the grave for another, what was the grave to him? The sun shone aslant the pale and powerful features, and then died away! Darkness fell over the earth: how long it endured I know not. A loud cry came through the gloom, a sharp and bitter cry—and all was silent!

"But who shall tell the terrors of the night? I walked along the city—the earth reeled to and fro, and the houses trembled to their base: the living had deserted the streets, but *not the dead!* Through the gloom I saw them glide—the dim and ghastly shapes, in the cerements of the grave, and with horror, and wo, and warning on their unmoving lips and lightless eyes! they swept by me as I passed—they glared upon me; I had been their brother; and they bowed their heads in recognition: they had risen to tell the living that the dead *can* rise!"

Again the old man paused; and when he resumed it was in a calmer tone.

"From that night I resigned all earthly thought but that of serving HIM. A preacher and a pilgrim, I have traversed the remotest corners of the earth, proclaiming his divinity and bringing new converts to his fold. I come as the wind, and as the wind depart; sowing as the wind sows, the seeds that enrich the world.

"Son, on earth we shall meet no more. Forget not this hour: what are the pleasures and pomps of life? As the lamp shines, life glitters for an hour; but the soul's light is the star that burns forever in the heart of illimitable space."

It was then that their converse fell upon the general and sublime doctrines of immortality. It soothed and elevated the young mind of the convert, which yet clung to many of the damps and shadows of that cell of faith which he had so lately left—it was the air of heaven breathing on the prisoner released at last. There was a strong and marked distinction between the Christianity of the old man and that of Olinthus; that of the first was more soft, more gentle, more divine. The hard heroism of Olinthus had something in it fierce and intolerant—it was necessary to the part he was doomed to play—it had in it more of the courage of the martyr than the charity of the saint. It aroused, it excited, it nerved, rather than subdued and softened. But the whole heart of that divine old man was bathed in love; the smile of the Deity had burned away from it the leaven of earthlier and coarser passions, and left to the energy of the hero all the meekness of the child.

"And now," said he, rising at length, as the sun's last ray died in the west, "now, in the cool of twilight, I pursue my way towards the imperial Rome. There yet dwell some holy men, who like me have beheld the face of Christ; and them would I see before I die."

"But the night is chill for thine age, my father, and the way is long, and the robber haunts it: rest thee till to-morrow."

"Kind son, what is there in this scrip to tempt the robber?—and the night and the solitude—*these* make the ladder round which angels cluster, and beneath which my spirit can dream of God. Oh! none can know what the pilgrim feels as he walks on his holy course; nursing no fear, and foreseeing no danger—for God is with him! He hears the winds murmur glad tidings;—the woods sleep in the shadow of Almighty wings; the stars are the Scriptures of heaven—the token of love—and the witness of immortality. Night is the pilgrim's day."

With these words the old man pressed Apæcides to his breast, and taking up his staff and scrip, the dog bounded cheerily before him, and with slow steps and downcast eyes he went his way.

The convert stood watching his bended form, till the trees shut the last glimpse from his view; and then, as the stars broke forth, he woke from his musing with a start, reminded of his appointment with Olinthus.

### BULL-FIGHT.

A correspondent of the Montreal Herald gives the following interesting, though cruel account of a bull-fight, which lately took place at Madrid:—

An incident occurred at the bull-fight on Monday, which, though not exactly in place in a political correspondence, excites more attention here than all the diplomatic intrigues, which are so mean in reality, and look so formidable on paper. The largest and fiercest bull which has been seen in the Plaza this season, convulsed the spectators with delight, by killing six horses within almost as many minutes. The picador Sevilla, whose arm is like iron and who has a heart of steel, after being thrice unhorsed, attacked the enemy again, and unfortunately let the bull pass inside him—that is to say, between him and the barrier which surrounds the Plaza, which the toreros leap over when hotly pursued. The bull, as if aware of his advantage, rushed at him with overwhelming force, and knocked down our Sevilla and his horse as a child knocks down a nine-pin, and then, after plunging his horns twice into the poor brute, rushed at the man brute, who was struggling to disengage himself from the horse. In vain the toreros, with their scarfs, threw them in the bull's eyes, and practised all the artifices by which he is usually drawn from his fallen victim, as his fury is directed against the colored silk, and against the hand that waves it,—the furious beast made two attempts to toss the man, but each time missed his mark and gored the horse. He was bending his neck for a final effort, which would have sent the picador to the other world, when the celebrated Matador Montes rushed from the crowd of chulos and laid hold of the bull's tail, and absolutely, by pulling at it and hanging on it with his whole weight, called off the bull's attention, and enabled the other toreros to bear away their companion without injury. The bull became still more furious at this new assault, and turned round and round, and galloped about, endeavoring to get rid of the strange assailant, but Montes, yielding to every movement, held on till the animal was in a degree spent with exertion, when he let loose his grasp, and stood facing the bull, as if overawing him by his eye, while the other stood pawing and glaring on him, but not daring to advance. In the meantime the ten thousand people, including every rank in society, were in an agony of fear and delight—a cry was heard on every side, when the picador was about to be struck, and then the whole audience arose, waving kerchiefs and clapping hands, when they saw their favorite spring from the ranks and execute this daring manœuvre.

A breathless anxiety next prevailed for the safety of Montes, but when they saw him triumphant, and the mad bull almost tamed by his power, they grew frantic in applause, and I thought they would have torn up the benches with joy, while Montes stood composed before the bull, taking off his little black cap, and acknowledging with composure the plaudits of the house. It is a horrible sport, but it is so highly exciting, that one is drawn to it in spite of our better feeling—and so far does habit overcome nature, that I have seen the gentlest maidens of Spain thrill with delight on beholding some shocking spectacle of a horse gored to death, or standing all bleeding and bruised, to support his rider in a fresh encounter. Poor Montes, in afterwards killing this bull, was within a point of losing his life, but he escaped with a slight scratch. A sudden twist in the bull's course, as he drove the sword at his neck, flung the weapon into the air, and enabled the bull to catch his arm with the point of one horn. Montes did not mind it, but when he gave another thrust the shock was too great, and he was obliged to retire to the surgeon, who is always in attendance.

### DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIANS.

A HEBREW MELODY.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in the purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed,
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

CHARACTER.—Among the zealous and devoted Christians who were raised to do good in the world through Whitefield's instrumentality, was a man by the name of Hogg, a grazier and large butcher in Gloucestershire, Eng. His character for integrity was so thoroughly appreciated, that even the irreligious farmers in the neighborhood often said to him in dealing, "Mr. Hogg, we know you will give us the value of our cattle; you are the best judge of the proper price; take them, and pay us what you think them worth." Never in a single instance, it is said, did they regret their confidence in his honesty.

When the world is so full of Christians, why is it that an instance like this is rare? Think of a Christian not perfectly trustworthy! whose life for the ten or twenty years of his profession has been such that his neighbors will not trust him where his own pecuniary interests come in competition with theirs! Suppose the present generation of *young* Christians were to aim at a change in this respect, fixing their eye on nothing less than a state of things in which the title of Christian shall imply in him that bears it, such honesty and aloofness from the love of money, that he will be trusted as Mr. Hogg was!—*Vt. Chronicle.*

NEW, AND SOMEWHAT PECULIAR.—A teacher of our holy religion, who does not claim to be called of God or Christ to preach, but nevertheless regularly harangues the people who attend his public meetings, attempts to explain the "*ancient order of things,*" and defend and enforce the literal meaning of all Scripture, happily lit upon the following passage in Genesis: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head"—and gravely remarked in words to this effect: "There is nothing prophetic in this passage; it has no reference to Christ, or any future blessing; it simply foretells that mankind will kill snakes." Sage instruction from a *teacher* of the disciples of Christ!

SUICIDE.—Dr. Johnson having expressed a decided opinion against suicide, Mr. Boswell said, "Suppose a man is absolutely sure, that if he lives a few days longer he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequences of which would be utter disgrace and expulsion from society." "Then," said Johnson, "let him go to some place where he is not known; don't let him go to the devil, where he is known."

[From the New York Star.]

### GAMING HOUSES.

We have our hells in this city—our genteel and select gaming houses, where friends meet to win each other's money, and where the initiatory steps to a gambler's life and a gambler's fate are clearly developed.

The other night, hearing the rattling of balls in a room brilliantly illuminated in one of our public streets, I strolled in to see what was going on, and there beheld two boys not over fifteen years of age, playing billiards; so very short, that they had to stand on tip-toe to use the mace and *que* with any certainty. An *old man*, the keeper of the table, was marking for them. They were fashionably dressed—one of the little urchins had a segar in the corner of his mouth, and the other had a fur cap neatly cocked on the side of his head; and, at every pause of the game, took a sip of something from a tumbler, which might have been wine and water—probably something stronger. The little fellows moved briskly around the table, and were by no means novices. They were pretty boys—delicately featured—children of rich parents;—any father might be proud of such boys, and yet would be spared much anxiety and pain to be without them. What are they good for—what prospect have they through life, commencing life thus? Initiated at an early age in vice and extravagance, for them study could have no charms—industry, no allurements—a sober, happy, temperate life, no attractions. Pleasure and play are the twin stars of their destiny; and an early grave in penury, their only reward. Who stands accountable for this ruin? Parents. Up to a certain age, the age of discretion, a father is responsible for the sins of a child; hence the strong declaration of the early moral writers, "that the father who does not bring up his son to some trade or calling, is a villain;" and so he is—he is the assassin of his own child.

When the two boys had finished their game, paid the bill, lit their segars, and buttoned up their coats for a walk, the old marker was left alone. He had been a great gambler in his time, and was like a broken down race-horse, who could not give up the turf?

"Do you know," said I, "that I have some curiosity to learn what was the largest sum you ever won at cards at a setting?"

"Why, when I was a young fellow, I kept company with all the young fellows in town; I one night won $30,000 at brag."

"Prodigious! $30,000?"

"Yes; I played all night, and lost it all back, except $800, and I would have lost that, but that it was Sunday morning, and I heard the bells ring for church, and recollected that I had promised my wife to go and hear the Bishop preach. So I washed my hands and face, smoothed my hair, and with downcast looks and pious features, joined in the Litany and chaunted the psalms."

There are many such, no doubt, in the world.

"But did you never forswear gaming?"

"O, frequently, but always broke my oath. One night I lost three thousand dollars—all I had in the world—and walked home quite melancholy with a friend; it was past two o'clock, and I invited him in to drink a glass of brandy and water. I swore all the bitter oaths I could remember, that I never again would handle cards. While I was thus swearing, feeling in my pocket for a little loose tobacco, I found a bank note of a hundred dollars. All my gaming propensities revived in an instant. 'Let's go back,' says I, 'and try our luck once more; with this hundred I may win five thousand.' We went back, and I lost the note in five minutes, and here I am not worth a penny."

While there are many such cases—many similar scenes to be recounted—many acts of such tragedies to be rehearsed—how seldom do we contemplate the forlorn and desolate condition of the fond but wretched wife, whose husband is a victim to this ruinous passion, and whose children, alas! are walking in the same steps.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN CHINA.—Literature and science in the celestial dominions are unacquainted with the visits of the schoolmaster, and are consequently not particularly flourishing. Physicians treat all diseases on the supposition that the body is composed of five elements—water, fire, metal, wood, and earth; success, it may reasonably be supposed, is not a constant attendant on their prescriptions. In religious matters the Chinese are strangely remiss; it is not well known what they believe or what they deny. Confucius, their great theologian, did not question the existence of one Supreme, but he did not inculcate his worship, nor the immortality of the soul. In the ceremonies that are observed in China, the most absurd superstitions are practised, but the performers therein do not seem to be cognizant of their meaning. Christianity is, however, gaining ground; and Mr. Gutzlaff anticipates the happiest results from its adoption. For historical details relative to innumerable dynasties, we are referred to the *Ming-she*, in sixty-eight volumes!—*Monthly Magazine.*

PROPENSITY OF BIRDS.—At the recent fire in Spring street, New York, a covey of pigeons was observed hovering over the flames at great height, presenting a beautiful appearance, resembling that of gold, caused by the reflection of the light below. For several minutes they were seen darting in every direction, as if at a loss where to wend their passage. At last they were noticed to follow the propensity ascribed to birds by naturalists, and plunged one by one into the flames, where they perished.

INTEMPERANCE.—God has made the human body to be sustained by food and sleep, and the mind to be invigorated by effort and the regular healthfulness of the moral system, and the cheering influence of his moral government. And whoever, to sustain the body, or invigorate the mind, or cheer the heart, applies habitually the stimulus of ardent spirits, does violence to the laws of his nature, puts the whole system into disorder, and is intemperate long before the intellect falters, or a muscle is unstrung.—DR. BEECHER.

WHITTIER & WARREN.

WARRANTED BOOTS AND SHOES of all descriptions, by the package or single pair, No. 14 Dock Square, (opposite Faneuil Hall) Boston. Feb. 25.

REGISTER FOR 1835.

JAMES LORING, 132 Washington street, has just published the *Massachusetts Register* for 1835, containing the names of the new Legislature, new City Officers, Justices, Lawyers, Ministers and Doctors, throughout the State; with the Cashiers of the Banks in Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, and the names of the Banks in Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Also—a complete list of the Postmasters, Militia Officers, Colleges, Education, Missionary, Bible, Tract, Sabbath School, Medical, Literary, Marine, Temperance and Charitable Societies; Banks and Insurance Companies; National, Army and Navy Departments; names of Consuls, &c; and much other useful information.

Just published as above, *Stories of General Warren*, in relation to the Fifth of March Massacre and the Battle of Bunker Hill. To which is added, Gen. Warren's Fifth of March Oration,—by a Lady of Boston. Feb. 25.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY.

THE Spring Term of this Institution will commence on the first Wednesday of March.
*Wilbraham, Feb. 6, 1835.*

METHODIST BOOKS.
NEW SUPPLY.

A NEW supply of books having been received, the subscriber is able to offer an additional variety of Methodist and other publications. As the terms of the Book Concern are *Cash*, purchasers will bear in mind that the same must be required at the depository, or where credit is given it can be only for a short term, by way of accommodation.

DAVID H. ELA,
Feb. 11. *No. 19 Washington Street.*

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